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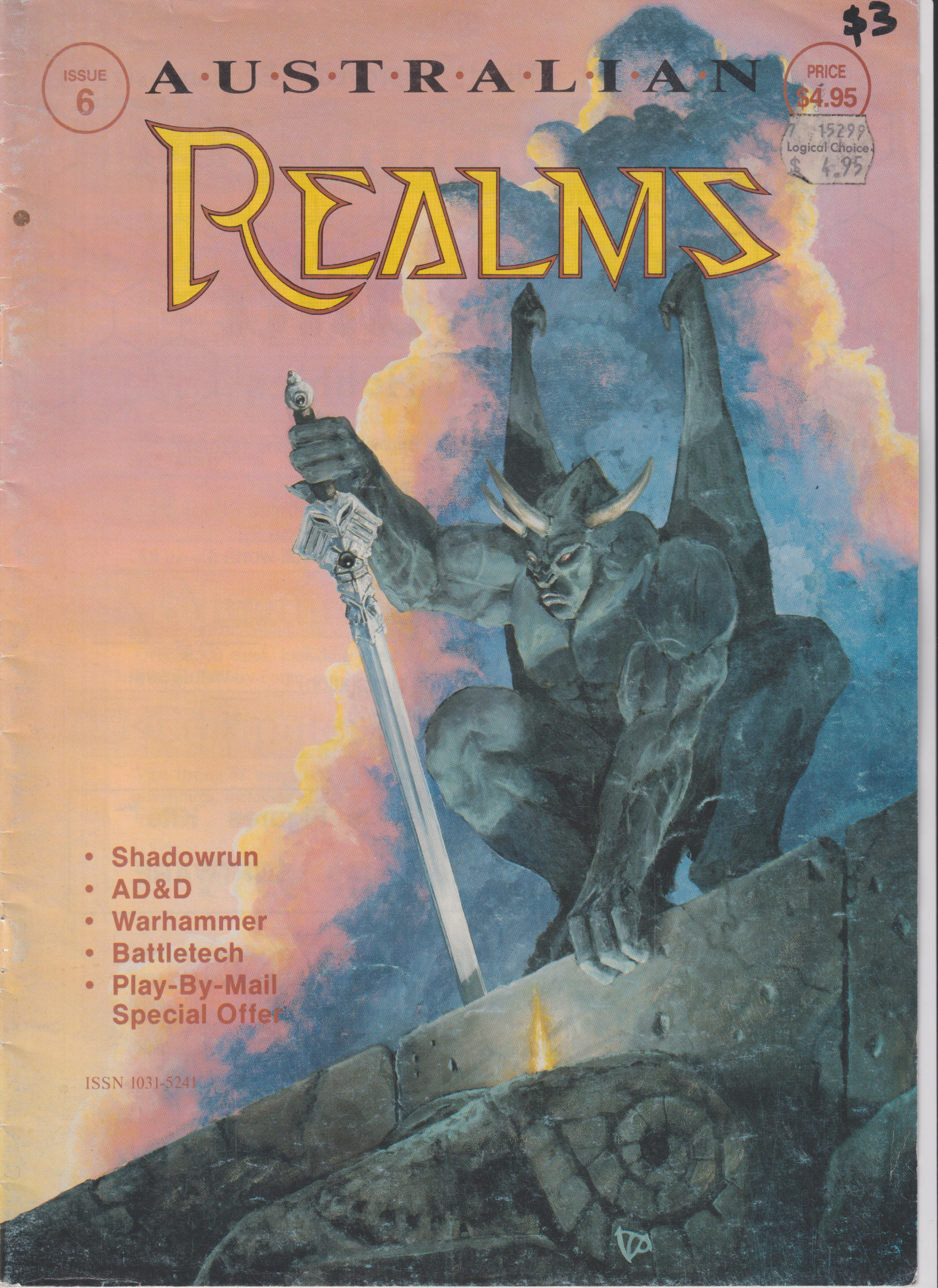
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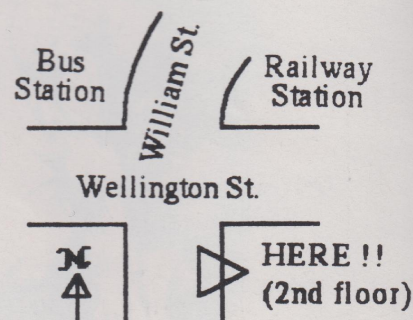
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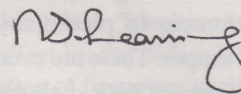
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After a brief pause, Australian Realms is back. Judging by the encouragement and enthusiasm of gamers, shops, and companies, it seems we have been missed. Happily, on our return we've encountered a high level of community spirit prevalent in Oz gaming; Australian Realms' role is to give voice to that spirit. We want to work with you, and for you, to better promote our unique hobby, so that we can secure a growing future for role playing in this country. Australian Realms will be taking its part in this quest very seriously. If you want to help, you can start by spreading the word about our welcome return.



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Reviews

BATTLESCAPE & KRYOMEK RESIN SCENERY

Wargame Accessories by Fantasy Forge

Fantasy Forge has recently released a range of 25mm resin scenery for both fantasy and sci-fi enthusiasts. The scenery is blister-packed in either single or multiple unit packs, depending on the size of the item. The fantasy range sells under the name *Battlescape*. The top of the range (\$34.95 RRP) is the 'Stone Wall Defences', with is over 3 feet of wall sections, including an excellent gate. At the lower end are the 'Wheeled Archery Mantlet' (\$11.95 RRP) with 2 mantlets provided per pack. Other items in the range include archer stakes, crates & barrels, skull gates, palisades, altars, wall sections and enough assorted battlefield equipment to please any dedicated table-topper. There are even packs of graves where your diabolic

necromancer can raise his creaking army of undead. The whole range is ideal for adding visual impact to fantasy RPG's, as well as doing a great job of defining terrain for miniatures wargames like *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, *Battlesystem*, and of course, Fantasy Forge's inhouse system - *Fantasy Warrior*.

The science fiction range is sold to support the *Kryomek* 25mm combat rules (also made by Fantasy Forge, look for our review in Issue 7) and includes extensive buildings to represent any settlement on an alien world. Again the prices vary with type and size of installation you wish to acquire. This runs from \$11.95 for an automated security tower, to \$26.95 for the heavy gun bunkers and command domes. All these buildings are very well detailed, featuring air locks, door handles, lights and either meteor or heavy weapons damage to the exterior. The designers have carefully thought out the construction of the buildings so that they can be linked together with corridors to form any configuration you like. This makes them useful for all currently available 25mm rules - *Star Wars*, *Mechwarrior*, *Warhammer 40K* - as well as the *Kryomek* rules they were

created for. As an added bonus, resin vehicles are also available.

Both ranges are overall very clean and well made. Fantasy Forge has solved the two main difficulties usually associated with the medium - air bubbles, and distorted castings. There are very few air bubbles, and no heat related distortion in any of the castings that I have viewed. The detail of the castings is top quality, the resolution and accuracy will please both gamer and collector alike.

Resin is readily painted. Both enamel and acrylic paint will adhere to the plastic surface. Painting is easy. Since most of the detail is raised, dry-brushing with highlight over the base colour will bring it out quickly and simply. Some assembly is required in the SF range, as lead gun barrels and antennae are supplied with some buildings and vehicles. Any cyanoacrylate glue (eg. *Super-Glue*) is suitable for resin.

In summary, the Fantasy Forge range of scenery is a recommended product. Although it is little expensive initially, when you consider that these very useful buildings and accessories will last forever, they become an excellent investment for the serious gamer.

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Canberra 2001 -- GANG CITY

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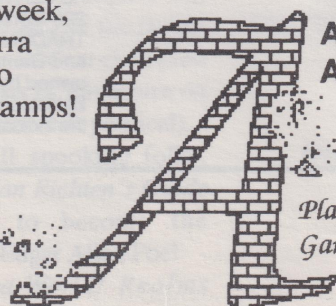
✓ Join the club. Canberra 2001 was released this year, so there isn't anyone who's an expert. This game is like backgammon. It's easier to learn than many others, but that doesn't make it easy to win.

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News

Australian Realms

Without doubt, the biggest news to hit the local gaming scene this year is the happy return of *Australian Realms*, this country's premier role play gaming magazine bar none.

If you think we're doing a good job - write and tell us. If you think we've got it wrong - write and tell us. Our editor thrives on feedback - good or bad (yum! yum! ed.).

Wish us Luck!

* * *

Play By Mail

As you can see by the number of ads in this issue, Play By Mail gaming is a thriving local industry. There are companys ekeing out a frugal existence by offering a variety of games to the Aussie public.

One such company - *Athena's Avatar* - launched its game, *Canberra 2001 - Gang City*, at CANCON '92, and hasn't looked back since. Nick Argall, the enterprising young man behind *Athena's Avatar* is committed to providing excellent customer service; he hopes to win the 'Best GM' award at CANCON '93. One of

the *Realms* staffers is currently dishing out the rough stuff in Game 2 so look out for a review soon.

* * *

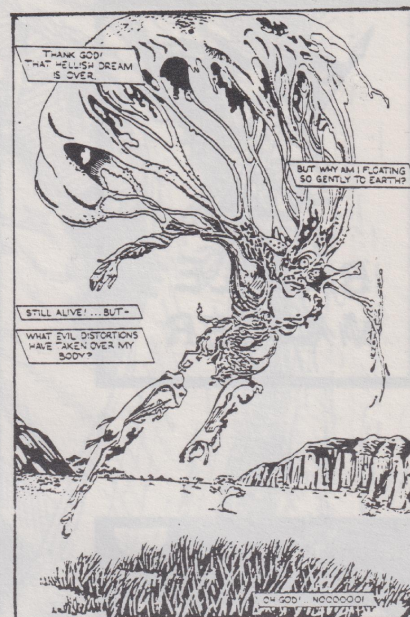
Top Ten Games

A brief survey of the shops has revealed the following products were the top ten sellers in June 92.

Space Marine II - Games Workshop
Tech Readout 3055 - FASA
Cyberpunk RPG (Oz print)
Eye of the Beholder II Electronic Arts
Fiend Folio - TSR
Monster Mythology - TSR
Warhammer 40K - Games Workshop
World in Flames 5th Ed - ADG
Sojourn Novel - TSR
Shadowrun RPG - FASA

Although the list is not given in any particular order, I think you'll agree there are one or two supprises. *Realms* will always try to offer material supporting the most popular games, as well as maintaining interest in the lesser lights as well. As a result of the survey, we've scheduled an article on 'How to Win World in Flames' for an upcoming issue.

Which are your favourite games?
Let us know!



Southern Aurora Comics

This horrific frame appeared in June's issue of Australia's own *Southern Aurora Comics*, an anthology format, full action and adventure comic. The comic has been re-vamped recently to incorporate other facets of the art-form including humour, horror and the supernatural. (cont. page 32 ed.)

Doug Thorp's

Valhalla

Games and Hobbies

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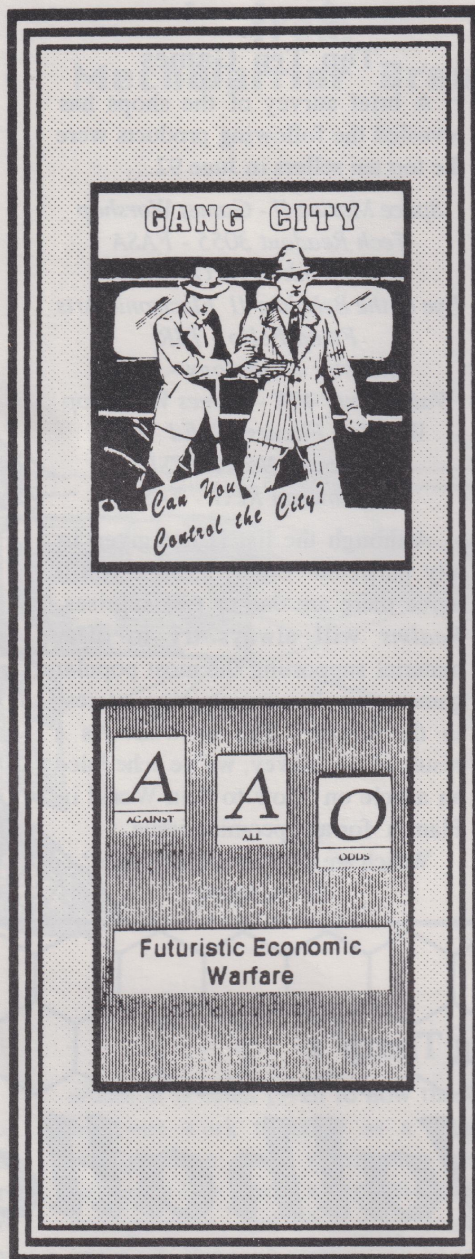
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Wild At Heart

by S.A.Mah

An article revising barbarians for 2nd Edition AD&D, wherein our resident expert takes a peek beneath a loin cloth and discovers the essence of a great PC subclass!

What Makes a Barbarian?

Barbarian /ba'baerien/, n. savage, muscle bound warrior, usually imagined as male, noted for superhuman strength and feats of arms; regarded a figure of uncurbed machismo. Accoutrements include an oversized, often phallic, weapon and indecently inadequate loin-cloth of doubtful provenance.

Or perhaps not. The times, they are a changing and the barbarian is no more the pea-witted, macho figure of supreme male virility that populated Robert E. Howard's Hyborean Age. Nay, he is the Viking, the savage Celt, the noble American Indian, the seafaring Northman of the Trackless Sea, the Uthgardt barbarian of the Savage North, the wily Plainsman of Que-shu.

Designing Barbarians

If DMs are going to allow this character class in their campaign it is strongly recommended that they take the time to tailor the types of barbarian tribe available to best suit their world. Designing unusual cultures based on real world prototypes is both fun and rewarding.

Bear in mind two factors when designing barbarians for your AD&D campaign. Firstly, it is mandatory that they are placed in inhospitable areas far removed from centres of civilisation. Tribes often exist in isolation, competing in lean hunting grounds with the likes of trolls, ogres and orcs. This makes the barbarian a real survivalist. Secondly, remember that barbarians are rarely sedentary; except perhaps during severe winters, they roam far and wide, hunting, gathering and raiding. It is for the latter activity that they are most fear!

The Barbarian Subclass

Under the 2nd Edition Advanced Dungeons & Dragons rules, it has been suggested that barbarians as a character class be considered fighters. Technically, there should be little difference between the two - to paraphrase the 2nd Ed *Dungeon Master's Guide*: what is a Viking but a fighter with a certain outlook on life and warfare. This might be true, but this difference breeds a tougher warrior, a warrior adept in skills often not found in the regular fighting man, a warrior closer to the wild side of Nature, and for all of this he is often feared by the common run of humanity.

I see a gap between the fighter and ranger classes. The fighter is a character skilled in the field of arms and war. The ranger, on the other hand, is an exceptional outdoorsman. He is a tracker, a woodsman, a guide, and his skills, both martial and otherwise are directed at making him a certain type of specialist warrior. The revised barbarian class I am proposing fills this gap. It creates a warrior class combining the skills of a character adapted for life in the wilderness with the combat abilities necessary necessary to survive in such an environment.

Prerequisites

The barbarian must have scores of not less than 12 Strength and 14 Constitution, yet never gains a % bonus to experience points for exceptionally high ability scores. This balances his other advantages. Similarly, any CON bonuses to hit points are not doubled (as was the case in the original *Unearthed Arcana* barbarian class).

Barbarians cannot have lawful alignments, the notion of societal law and order are alien to those whose lives are inextricably tied to the caprice of Nature. Most barbarians are human, although some campaigns (eg. *Dragonlance*™) allow dwarfs and wild elves this option. There is a level limit for these races of 15 & 12 respectively.



Barbarians, a type of warrior, use the experience point advancement of fighters. They are, however, due to their tough lifestyle, more physically rugged than 'civilised' fighters. This is reflected in game terms by allowing barbarian warriors an additional Hit Dice at 1st level, ie. a first level barbarian rolls 2D10 for hit dice. Thereafter they progress in hit points as other warriors do.

Weapon Proficiencies

Barbarians can use any weapons except the following - arquebus, all crossbows, and the jousting lance. Because they lack the formal training and dedication of a 'civilised' fighter, barbarians cannot learn weapon specialisation. Weapon proficiencies and non- proficiency penalties are the same as for other warrior classes. Initial weapon skills should be selected in view of the barbarian's cultural background and home territory. A plainsman would most likely be proficient in the spear and composite bow, highland barbarians might prefer the battle axe and shield. It is largely up to the DM and player to get together and decide which weapons are most appropriate to the barbarian milieu in their campaign.

Barbarian Skills

Barbarians can wear any armour up to and including chain mail; shields also can be used. But barbarians prefer to operate in studded leather or lighter armour as these do not affect their specialised ability to *camouflage* (treat as *hide in shadows*) and *stalk* (treat as *move silently*). The chance of success in either skill at each level of experience matches that of a ranger (see Table 18 of the *Players Handbook*). The skill can be modified by dexterity and race (see Tables 27 and 28). A barbarian can only camouflage in natural and familiar surroundings; a forest barbarian cannot effectively camouflage in the desert. Similarly, the ability to stalk is halved in non-natural landscapes ie. city streets, dungeon passages etc. These two useful skills are in addition to any optional non-weapon proficiencies the barbarian acquires.

Non-Weapon Proficiencies

A barbarian's skills are geared towards survival in the wild. Players who opt for barbarian characters lose a little

autonomy in the selection of their optional proficiencies.

The two skill lists below present skills common to the barbarian class. A beginning character can select one skill from List A without expending any slots. Then, he must choose one proficiency from List A (Primary Skills - those which are necessary to lifestyle in the wilderness) and one from List B (Secondary Skills - those specific to a culture or terrain) These selections do expend slots; any remaining slots may be filled with proficiencies from either list or held over until the barbarian contacts 'civilised' peoples and has the opportunity to learn more sophisticated skills (ie. those other skills listed in the Warrior and General non-weapon proficiency categories).

List A: Primary Skills

Animal Lore
Direction Sense
Hunting
Herbalism 1
Hunting 2
1. Require 2 slots & -3 check modifier
2. Environment specific to background

Starting proficiencies should be selected with the background in mind. Plainsmen do not ordinarily have Seamanship skill and Desert Nomads don't make good Swimmers!

Except for Herbalism, barbarians gain a +1 check modifier in all their *initial* non-weapon skills.

List B: Secondary Skills

Animal Handling
Bowyer/Fletcher
Charioteering
Endurance
Fishing
Fire-Building
Leatherworking
Mountaineering
Navigation
Riding, Land-based
Running
Seamanship
Set Snares
Signalling, Long distance 1
Swimming

1. Uses methods of the milieu, ie. smoke, drums, flags etc. Messages must be direct, simple and brief. The skill is checked against Intelligence.

Barbarian Spellcasters

Barbarian spellcasters come in a variety of forms - druids, shamans, witch doctors etc. All are priests of a sort. These people hold spiritual and magical sway over the tribe. While druids lend themselves easily as tribal spellcasters to a Celtic campaign, the more inventive DM will create a tribe specific mythos: this process is explained on pages 34 and 35 of the *Player's Handbook*. As barbarians worship the gods of war, weather and the elements as well as local spirits (called numens), suggested accessible spheres for barbarian priests include Animal, Combat, Elemental, Plant, Sun or Weather. Player character priests can be barbarian spellcasters, it certainly makes interesting role playing, but they do not gain any of the abilities or bonuses unique to the barbarian class.

Barbarians generally treat magic with respect. They revere their spellcasters and hold tribal magic in awe. While tending to distrust other kinds of magic, they are not averse to using them. Most magical items are usable by the barbarian: potions, most rings, and all types of enchanted arms and armour (excluding the arquebus, crossbows, lance and armour heavier than chain mail).

Followers

Unlike the other warrior classes, a barbarian does not automatically attract a body of followers upon attaining high level, this reflects their independent attitude. Instead, at 9th level, a barbarian can opt to challenge his chieftain (or that of any tribe that will accept the character) for the right to head and lead the tribe. The mode of the challenge is largely up to the DM though it is commonly resolved in a one on one fight to the finish with traditional weapons of the tribe. Armour is forbidden except in unusual circumstances (eg. if the challenge is issued in the heat of battle when both contestants are already accoutred for war).

The successful chieftain is expected to provide for the tribe, in much the same way fighters and rangers must provide for their followers and henchmen. The tribe contributes an elite body of followers to the chieftain. Dice for these from the lists given below.

Table 1: Leaders

01-40	5th lvl barbarian, hide armour, shield, weapon of choice
41-75	6th lvl barbarian, scale mail, shield, weapon of choice +1
76-95	6th lvl barbarian, chain mail, shield, weapon of choice +2
96-99	7th lvl barbarian, chain mail, shield, weapon of choice +2
00	tribal spellcaster

Table 2: Followers (1st lvl)

01-50	20 tribesmen, unarmoured, shield, weapons of choice
51-75	15 tribesmen, leather, shield, weapons of choice
76-90	12 tribesmen, studded leather & shield, weapons of choice
91-00	10 tribesmen, hide armour, shield, weapons of choice

Table 3: Bodyguards

01-20	12 2nd lvl barbarians, leather armour, shield, weapons of choice
21-40	8 3rd lvl barbarians, leather armour, shield, weapons of choice
41-65	5 3rd lvl berserkers, no armour, weapons of choice
66-99	5 2nd lvl barbarians, studded leather, weapons of choice & 5 2nd lvl horsemen, leather armour, spears
00	DM's choice



Berserkers

Certain barbarians, player characters included, are fortunate (or unfortunate, as the case may be) to have been gifted with the ability to enter a violent frenzy, whether voluntarily or not. Sages cannot explain why this is so and attribute it to the foul spells cast by shamans and witch doctors. Some of these spellcasters say those with the gift have been touched by the gods! Other witch doctors claim they can indeed induce berserkerdom.

Any generated barbarian character has the chance of being a berserker or *baresark* as it is properly called. The term literally means 'without armour', a combination of *bare* and *sark* where *sark* is the Scottish word for shirt ie. mail shirt, with roots in the Scandinavian and Icelandic *serkr*. This is possibly a reference to the Vikings, who generally shunned armour in battle.

A potential berserker must have a wisdom score of 12 or better and a constitution of at least 15. There is a base chance of 5% of the eligible character being a berserker, this is increased by 5% for every point of wisdom or constitution above these minimums. Why high wisdom and constitution for the requisites? Because the process of calling forth the frenzy and then suppressing it before slaying friend and foe alike is an act of great will-power and endurance.

Berserk rage manifests itself in one of two ways; either the berserker gains the multiple attacks of weapon specialisation without the specialist's to hit and damage bonuses, or alternatively, he attacks at his normal rate with +2 bonus to hit and damage. The choice is declared before initiative and cannot be altered thereafter.

Berserkers can voluntarily call on the fury; this takes one round of intense concentration where the barbarian appears in a maudlin mood, followed by one round of teeth gnashing, mouth frothing, tearing off of armour and yelling loud insult before lunging into battle on the third round. A berserker will never enter battle in armour (small shields such as bucklers might be excepted), as it impairs their mobility in combat. In their frenzied state they believe themselves impervious to harm.

Often a susceptible barbarian will go berserk in the thick of battle. This involuntary manifestation usually occurs when things are tense and desperate - a lone berserker surrounded by ten or so orcs for example. In this scenario, the barbarian must make a save versus paralysis, adding his magical defence adjustment for high wisdom, or be consumed by a murderous rage, discarding armour and hurling himself at the enemy.

A berserk barbarian will keep fighting until there is no living being within 60 feet of his person. He will not be able to differentiate between friend and foe when berserk. When all opponents are defeated, the rage subsides in one round, after which he will be exhausted and all his ability scores reduced by 2. This penalty affects all checks against optional proficiencies, and to hit and damage rolls until the barbarian recovers. For every hour of rest, the barbarian can make an unmodified constitution check - success means full recovery.

Barbarians as Player Characters

It should be apparent that this revised barbarian works on different tangent than previously devised in *Unearthed Arcana*. Now barbarians do not have to be all-powerful dunderheads fearful of magic. A barbarian is not quite as skilled in arms as a straight fighter, lacking the regimented discipline to master weapon specialisation. The combat bonuses of berserkers appear to compensate, but the chances of being a berserker are not high, and the risks involved are many. The barbarian also lacks many of the ranger's skills. He is, however, a tougher warrior, able to withstand slightly more hardship and wounds than the average civilised warrior. There is also a balance between the additional skill slots available and

the restriction on his choices when selecting non-weapon proficiencies.

There are several possibilities in which a barbarian character could join an adventuring party. Many tribes hold a rite of warriorhood where young hopefuls are sent out questing, putting them in potential contact with the adventuring party. Many tribes regularly enter major cities, taking furs and meat that they have hunted in the wilds to trade for all-important manufactured goods such as woven cloth, forged metal weapons, wagons and the like. Others may be subject to raids and capture by rival tribes, some of these captives could be sold into

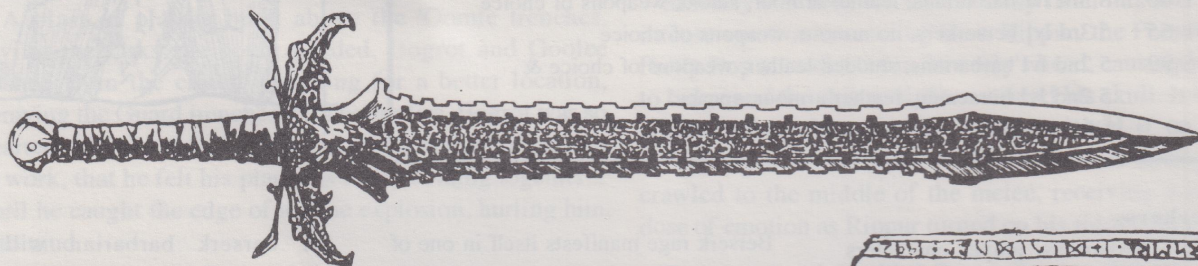
slavery, sent to the arena or made to work in mines. All of these situations present a possible entry point for players looking to roll up a barbarian character that can then join a 'civilised' adventuring party.

Conversely, the adventuring party has several ways it could come into contact with barbarians in the wild. They might be lost in a wilderness area and seek shelter, aid or guidance from a barbarian tribe. They may spend considerable time assisting the tribesmen in clearing an area of unruly humanoid types. Those that are accepted as mighty warriors or helpful healers might be induced into the tribe

indefinitely (who could say no to such an invitation) and their adventures might revolve around the day to day exploits of the tribe as it struggles to survive in a hostile environment.

Barbarians can be challenging to play if you and the DM take the time to develop the milieu of the barbarian's homelands. For a party without a ranger, a barbarian can be an important asset in wilderness adventures. A barbarian character who is also a berserker adds to the challenge of playing a powerful, if precariously stable warrior.

Wild at heart, the barbarian is alive and well!



Paper Tiger Games Presents **Gang City** by Peter Mackay



Friday May 27th 1996 - 7:00 pm. The Bourke St Mall was packed with shoppers as Johnny's small patrol elbowed their way toward Swanston St. Four green recruits, two regulars, Johnny and Mojo, his second in command. Not much, really, if there were trouble... Up ahead a scuffle erupted out of Bevilas as a group of dark skinned youths wearing red blazers and green bandannas burst from the store. As they took off across the mall shouts of *Stop! Thief!* rang out into the night air.
"Shit!!" said Johnny, "Spics!!!"
"And on our turf!!" rejoined Mojo.
Johnny whipped the switchblade from the pocket of his leather jacket and snapped it open.
"O.K. boys," he said, "let's waste 'em."

Gang City is a play-by-mail game of street gang rivalry in near - future Australian cities. The game postulates a breakdown of law and order and the onset of urban chaos. Youth gangs roam the cities, fighting and dying over possession of "turf". Decent citizens are afraid to walk the streets at night and strong men band together for protection. What little law enforcement remains is provided by small groups of ex-soldiers and policemen who band together to form their own "law gangs" in an attempt to make the streets safe.

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From the Cockpit

A Short Treatise on the Evolution of Mecha Technology

by Mike Bell

We strapped Mike into the cockpit of his Veritech and flooded his sensory instruments with several hundred hours of Japanese anims. He wasn't allowed out until he filed this report...

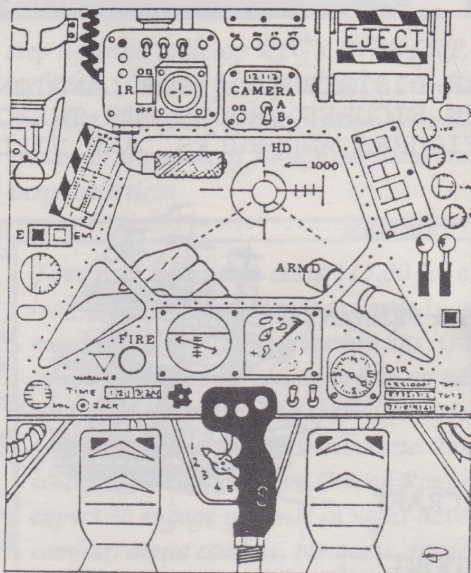
Run, Jump and Fire

Recent years have seen the introduction of numerous science-fiction role playing and tabletop battle games - *Robotech*, *Mechwarrior* and *Battletech* - where the pilotable, robotic fighting vehicle or 'mecha' forms the principal technology. The mecha portrayed in these games are generally characterised by having one or more legs as the major form of mobility, a generalised humanoid shape and in many cases, the ability to run, leap and dodge with human-like agility. Several of these mecha even have variable geometry (LAMs or Veritechs) allowing them to operate in several configurations such as fighter plane or battleoid mode. Many of us have enjoyed piloting such vehicles as imaginary members of the Robotech Defence Forces (*Robotech Role Play*) blasting away at Zentraedi battle-pods or as a member of one of the great houses defending the Successor States frontiers (*Battletech & Mechwarrior*). But what of the origins of these mecha? Where did the concept of mecha come from?

A Fistful of Cartoons

The seventies and eighties have produced many exceptional science-fiction novels and movies. Many of you might suggest that the concept of mecha originated from the vehicles (AT-AT) depicted in Lucas' *Star Wars* film trilogy. However, these vehicles are relative late-comers in the evolution of mecha inspired by much earlier material.

Their origin can be traced to the appearance of powered battle armour in novels like Robert Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* and more notably, in those great Japanese cartoons we used to watch as kids. Remember the thrill of Saturday mornings watching such classics as *Kimba the White Lion*, *Speed Racer*, *Gigantor* and *Marine Boy*?



The most relevant of these would have to be *Gigantor*. In this fabulous series we had our first encounter with a robotic warrior with pilot: the young hero of the program, however, does not actually ride in the robot, rather piloting it by remote control. In these early series the robotic warriors were portrayed as cardboard cut out heroes full of honour, integrity and nobility. The high-tech battle machine of mega-destruction was yet to come.

'Gundammit!'

The next milestone in the development of mecha appeared in the 1979 series, *Mobile Suit Gundam* (not seen in Australia) and its sequel *Zeta Gundam* (1985). It was these series that established mecha as high-tech battle vehicles which the hero piloted from inside. These mecha were used for transportation and as awesome weapon platforms, a combination that lends itself so readily to sci-fi gaming.

These cartoons were the forerunners of a whole host of animated series produced around the same time using this mecha idea. Series like *Brave Raideen*, *Combattler V*, *Voltes V*, *Crusher Joe*, *Starbirds* (none seen in Australia), *Dirty Pair* (an animated production not seen in Australia but the mini-series in comic book form is available), *Starblazers* and *Space Pirate Captain Harlock* all introduced a wide variety of mecha

concepts which were later incorporated in the universes seen in today's role play games.

The Next Generation

The popularity of these early productions led to other Japanese animated shows which combined many of the successful ideas with the innovations of new writers and animators. These new ideas include the mega-starships that appeared in *Starblazers* and *Captain Harlock*, the multi-piece combining mecha from shows like *Combattler V* and *Voltes V* and the landmark transforming mecha from *Gundam*.

The principle series to synthesise these elements of high-tech hardware were *Super Dimensional Fortress Macross*, *Genesis Climber Mospeader* and *Super Dimensional Cavalry Southern Cross*. Many of the great mecha originally depicted in the *Macross* series provided the backbone of the mecha seen in the *Battletech* and *Robotech* games. For example, a Zentraedi Officer's Battle Pod equates to a *Battletech* Marauder while a *Robotech* Defence Force Excaliber is the same as a *Battletech* Warhammer.

You might be surprised to learn that the incredibly popular cartoon mecha series seen on Australian television, collectively known as *Robotech*, is actually an ingenious amalgamation of the above-mentioned three series. Those original programs were in no way related to each other. It was the efforts of Carl Macek and Ahmed Agrama and their team at Harmony Gold that created a new storyline to weld the three series together.

The overwhelming success of the *Robotech* series and the many toys, model kits and other merchandising has assured a lasting place for mecha within the realm of science fiction. You only have to see the proliferation of animated series, movies, and comics coming from Japan and America to gain an appreciation of the popularity of the concept, and of course there are the games. We sci-fi enthusiasts wait in anticipation for further developments as writers, artists, animators and directors set forth their next ideas...

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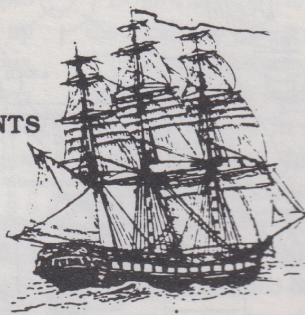
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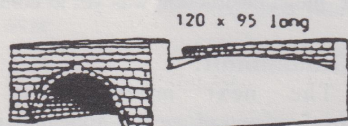
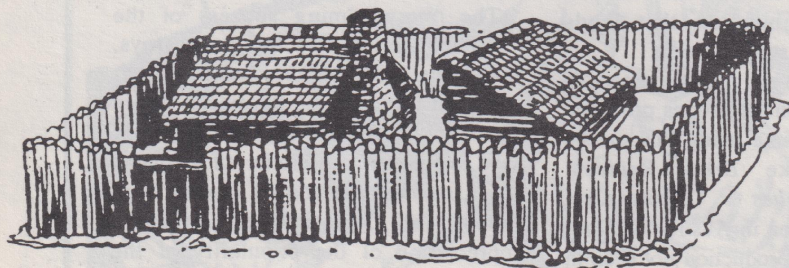
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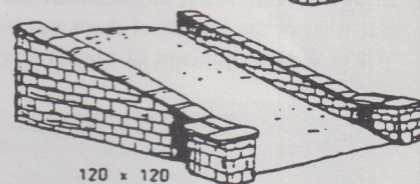
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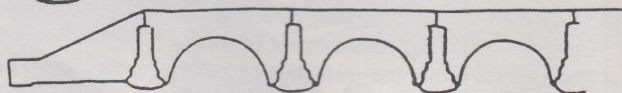
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CATALOGUE

An AD&D Guide to Narnia

by Stephen Dedman

"The Lord is a Shoving Leopard"
The Rev. William Spooner

NARNIA - a fair green land east of Heaven (on a flat world), surrounded by mountains, deserts and wilderness, and populated by humans, dwarves, sprites, dryads, naiads, talking animals, unicorns, centaurs, fauns, giants, marsh-wiggles, pegasi and dragons, and occasionally invaded by witches, hags, werewolves, minotaurs, efreets, incubi, wraiths, ettins and gnomes. Mapped by Pauline Baynes, and with its history recorded from creation to dissolution, it makes an excellent setting for an AD&D campaign. The original novels, despite occasional near-deafening bursts of religious allegory, are much better written than the *Dragonlance* or *Forgotten Realms* books, and they have the advantages of not having been banned from school libraries and not containing hobbits.

For those of you who haven't read *The Complete Chronicles of Narnia*, or any of the seven books which comprise it, Narnia was created and ruled by Aslan, the Great Lion, and flawed by the incursion of humans and part-humans: the 'original' Narnians (descended from a London caddy and his wife), the witch Jadis, and the Calormenes, worshippers of the arch-demon Tash.

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ASLAN, the Great Lion (Greater God)

ARMOUR CLASS: -6
MOVE: Infinite
HIT POINTS: 400
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-8/1-8/1-20
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 99%
SIZE: Variable
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good
WORSHIPPERS: Good alignments
SYMBOL: Red Lion Rampant
PLANE: Seven Heavens
CLERIC/DRUID: 30 cleric/14 druid
FIGHTER: nil
THIEF/ASSASSIN: Nil
MAGIC-USER: 30th level magic-user
MONK/BARD: 23rd level bard
PSIONIC ABILITY: I
S:25 I:25 W:25 D:23 C:23 CH:25

ASLAN, creator of the Material Plane world of Narnia, and ruler of a Platonic-level of the Seven Heavens, the Real Narnia, usually appears in the form of a lion, of any size from that of a normal lion to giant lion (20' tall). However, when the occasion demands subtlety, he may appear in the likeness of a domestic cat.

Aslan can flawlessly teleport any being or object to any plane, but only if they wish it. Aslan is a great believer in justice, and any worshipper of his who is cruel to an enemy will be dealt with in kind. Aslan himself rarely attacks his enemies, though he is not beyond picking them up and shaking them to instil a little fear of god. Normally, he leaves the fighting to his followers, particularly other cats, and prefers to thwart or disarm his foes instead of killing them.



JADIS, The White Witch, Empress of Charn, Empress of the Lone Islands, Queen of the North of Narnia

ARMOUR CLASS: 5
MOVE: 18"
HIT POINTS: 80
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: by weapon type
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30%
SPEC ATTS: Wand of Petrification
SPEC DEFS: Immune to Poison
SIZE: L (7")
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
WORSHIPPERS: Evil alignments
SYMBOL: Silver crown
PLANE: Prime Material (Narnia)
CLERIC/DRUID: 22 cleric/13 druid
MAGIC-USER: 30th lvl magic-user
THIEF/ASSASSIN: 9thief/15 assassin
MONK/BARD: 13 monk/10 bard
FIGHTER: 12th level Fighter
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
S: 22 I: 20 W: 19 C: 25 CH: 23

Made an immortal by an apple from the West of Narnia, Jadis is immune to poisons and disease, and regenerates damage with her 25 constitution. She leads an army of night hags, succubi, wraiths, efreet, ettins, ogres, werewolves, dwarves, minotaurs, giants, spectres, wargs and other unpleasant creatures. Her deputy is Maugrim, Chief of Secret Police, a warg with intelligence of 13. Jadis rides a sleigh pulled by eight white stags, and carries a Wand of Petrification (stone/flesh) with unlimited charges and a Copper Bottle which produces food and drink 1/day.

TASH, Demon Lord of the Calormenes

(Greater God)

ARMOUR CLASS: -8
MOVE: Infinite
HIT POINTS: 333
NO. OF ATTACKS: 5
DAM/ATT: 2-12/1-12/2-12/2-12/6-48
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 80%
SIZE: L(19' tall)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
WORSHIPPERS: Evil alignments
SYMBOL: Own Image
PLANE: Gehenna
CLERIC/DRUID: 28th C/14th Druid
FIGHTER: Nil
THIEF/ASSASSIN: Nil
MAGIC-USER: 25th lvl Magic-User
MONK/BARD: nil
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
S: 25 I: 23 W: 21 D: 25 C: 23 CH: -5

Tash's very appearance - the form of a tall, thin, four-armed man with the head of a vulture - is foul enough to decrease the intelligence and wisdom of any onlooker to those of an animal (save vs. petrification). His poisonous presence kills all plants within 2". These attacks apply even when Tash is merely ethereal. +2 or better weapons are necessary to hit him, but he rarely exposes himself to attack.

Tash's origins are unknown. His plans to conquer Narnia are tempered by patience, and he can rarely be gated in unless he wishes it.

TALKING ANIMALS

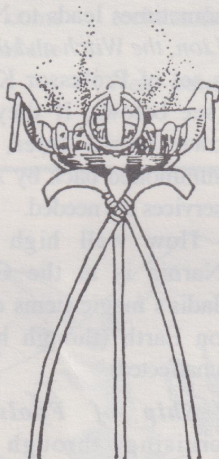
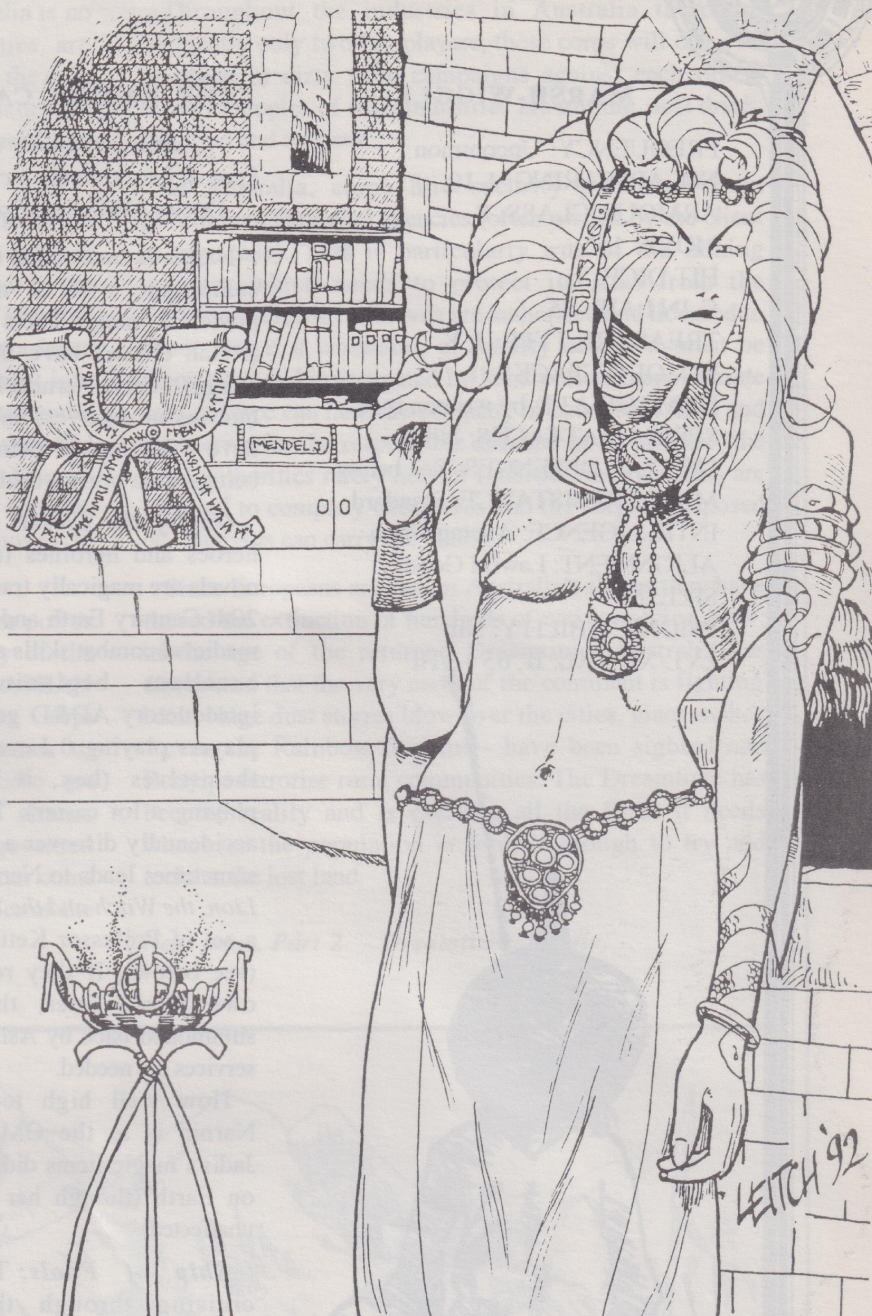
These appear to be normal animals in most regards, but with intelligence from Low to Very, wisdom to match, and usually (80%) good alignments. Only about 10% of Narnian animals can talk, and most of these worship Aslan. Eating a talking animal is considered extremely unlucky. *(especially for the animal. Ed.).*



LADY OF THE GREEN KIRTLE, Queen of the Underworld

ARMOUR CLASS: 6
 MOVE: 12"
 HIT POINTS: 50
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-6/2-12
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: Venom
 SPECIAL DEFENCES: Nil
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: 20%
 SIZE: M (6' tall or 13' long)
 ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
 WORSHIPPERS: Evil alignments
 SYMBOL: Green Serpent
 PLANE: Prime Material (Narnia)
 CLERIC/DRUID: Nil
 FIGHTER: Nil
 M-U/ILLUSIONIST: 15th lvl in each
 THIEF/ASSASSIN: Nil
 MONK/BARD: 23rd Level Bard
 PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
 S:15 I:18 W:15 D:17 C:13 CH: 20

The otherwise anonymous Green Witch, when threatened, either charms as a bard, or attacks as a venomous giant constrictor snake. Her possessions include the Silver Chair, and a brazier which emits a scented green smoke (a la Brazier of Sleep Smoke) giving her a power of Suggestion. She plans to conquer Narnia with an army of enslaved Svirfneblin.



CALORMENES

NO. APPEARING: 2-40
 ARMOUR CLASS: 4
 MOVE: 12"
 HIT DICE: See below
 % IN LAIR: 15
 TREASURE TYPE: J, L
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: by weapon
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
 SPECIAL DEFENCES: Nil
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
 INTELLIGENCE: low to very
 ALIGNMENT: Neutral Evil
 SIZE: M

All Calormenes met beyond their own borders will be fighters from 1st

to 7th level. All wear chain mail and spiked helms, around which they wrap their turbans. Their usual weapons are the scimitar, the composite longbow, and a small spiked shield, though they also carry daggers. Calormene cavaliers ride medium war-horses and wield medium lances. 60% of Calormenes will be 1st level foot soldiers, 20% 2nd, 10% 3rd, 4% 4th, 3% 5th level cavaliers, 2% 6th and 1% 7th level Cavaliers. Very large parties may also be accompanied by a cleric of Tash (q.v.). Calormenes speak their own language and usually (90%) Common. In their customs and dress, they resemble medieval Klingons ('classic Trek' version).

MARSH-WIGGLE

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. APPEARING: 1-10
ARMOUR CLASS: 8
MOVE: 15"
HIT DICE: 3
% IN LAIR: 55
TREASURE TYPE: J, K
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATT: by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENCES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Average-high
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Good
SIZE: M
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
LVL/XP VAL: II, 65 +3/HP



Marsh-Wiggles are very melancholy, pessimistic creatures of damp, dank, muddy complexion and taste - their main defence, in fact, is their near-total inedibility, for nothing has been known to bite an uncooked marsh-wiggle twice. They live, naturally enough, in leaky wigwams. Though standing around 7' tall, they are little heavier than dwarves, being small-bodied but long-limbed with large webbed hands and feet. They carry weapons - swords and longbows - only in moments of dire threats (i.e. fairly often). Marsh-wiggles speak Common and their alignment tongue.

THE NARNIA CAMPAIGN

"I am a very minor magician, but I can at least contrive a charmed sleep"
Doctor Cornelius, *Prince Caspian*

Narnia is best suited to a low level campaign, with a minimum of powerful magic-users and clerics (Aslan doesn't have the benefit of clergy). Native Narnian PCs should be humans or dwarves, but Narnia does have a history of being visited by beings from other worlds...

Out of the Closet: Most of the heroes and heroines in the Narnia novels are magically transported from 20th Century Earth and pick up their medieval combat skills as they go - an excellent beginning for an introductory AD&D game, with the players playing 0 Level versions of themselves (hey, it makes role-playing a lot easier). The PCs may accidentally discover a doorway that sometimes leads to Narnia (as in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*), or a set of Professor Kettlewell's rings (see below). If they return to their own world later, they may be summoned back by Aslan when their services are needed.

How well high tech works in Narnia is at the GM's discretion; Jadis's magic items didn't work at all on Earth (though her strength was unaffected).

Ship of Fools: The PCs are cruising through the Bermuda Triangle, or shivering aboard a lifeboat from the *Titanic*, when they suddenly realise that the constellations above them are entirely unfamiliar. They have been teleported en masse to Narnia, and are about to re-enact *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* in a small boat, complete with slavers, sea serpent, and a depressive dragon.

Ring, Ring: The PCs discover a tray of yellow rings that take them to the Wood Between the Worlds (from *The Magician's Nephew*), and the green rings that enable them to travel from the wood to other worlds - including Narnia, Charn, and Earth. This can be used to send AD&D characters to Earth temporarily, and vice versa, as well as introducing elves, etc. to Narnia.

One advantage of the above campaign seeds is that PCs who are new to Narnia will be unaware of its politics and geography, and are much more likely to blunder into Deathwater Island, Jadis's castle, etc. The campaigns below are recommended for players who are familiar with Narnia.

Flatworlders: The PCs are native Narnians, members of the resistance against the Telmarines (as in *Prince Caspian*), picked to travel into the wilderness and find some magical item necessary to the battle (such as Queen Susan's horn, which can summon Aslan or the High Kings and Queens of Narnia).

Bring on the Bad Guys: The PCs are Calormenes. Calormen seems to be an equal opportunity employer (of humans, at least), and the PCs can be fighters, assassins, thieves, magic-users, clerics of Tash, etc., of any level. Recommended for those PCs who enjoy evil alignments (very few Calormenes go to Heaven). Recommended reading: *The Horse and His Boy* and *The Last Battle*.

Bibliography

C.S. Lewis, *The Complete Chronicles of Narnia*
The Magician's Nephew
The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe
The Horse and His Boy
Prince Caspian
The Voyage of the Dawn Treader
The Silver Chair
The Last Battle
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by Colin Taber

Australia in Asia

During the 1990's Australian Trade and Foreign policy lean towards incorporating Australia into an economically and security united south-east Asia. All through the 90's the area undergoes huge economic growth. This program of integration sees beneficial elements in all societies concerned, eventually cultural suspicions start to evaporate.

Civil unrest occurs world-wide during the 90's, the Australasian region is rocked late in the decade. The ASEAN (Association of South East Asian Nations) member nations are too involved in their own development to allow too much dissent. Any opposition that is deemed a threat to law and order is firmly crushed. Meanwhile Australia ignores events almost completely in the easy going manner that makes it unique.

Events at Home

Australia and New Zealand, after nearly a decade of removing trade barriers to each others exports sign the Tasman Free Trade Agreement in Christchurch during 1996. This creates a joint domestic market of 20 million people, helping the two nations to enter the long awaited boom years.

With growing prosperity comes discussion, Australian republicans push their cause harder during 1998. The debate as a whole picks up pace, republicans want a republic declared on the centenary of federation in 2001. Public opinion slowly swings for the move.

Late in 1999, Australia and New Zealand both gain associate status with ASEAN, the first stage of a membership application. Australia feels it has an obligation to pursue 'very' close ties with Asia as 'Fortress Europe' become a reality with the introduction of the Ecu as the single currency in most European Community (EC) states. The media calls it a herding of prey from the predatory Yen of Japan.

The Twenty First Century

The centenary of federation in 2001 sees Australia declared a republic. The date is celebrated but Australia is still divided on the subject (approx. 23-77). Much of the planned debate had never received an airing due to more 'sensational' events world-wide. In any event, the debate and celebration has once again skipped over the questions of reconciliation with the aboriginal population. There are some protests about the treatment of aboriginals, but the media, which is concentrated in a couple of corporations' hands, sensationalises the events, potraying the protesters as violent and disorganised.

With the dawn of the new millennium begins the resource rush in the United States, such a rush does not materialise in Australia as the US floods world markets with its exports. The glut pushes prices down marginally, eventually causing the closure of many small Australian mines unable to compete profitably. The turmoil generated by the collapse of commodity prices sees many large Australian mining companies merge. These newly merged consortiums are able to survive the crisis due to the huge resources at their disposal.

Australia & the World

"First the Europeans lock us out, then our government locks us into ASEAN and now the US stabs us in the back!" - Australian Opposition MP.

Ties with the ASEAN nations are tightened, most of the agreements reached are made public as the Australian community at large feels isolated from Euro style nations. Australia, with faltering steps, prepares to embrace Asia.

"Dad, where is the European Community?"

"North west of South East Asia, too far away to worry about, son."

- A much asked question at homes across Australia.

The Lone Eagle Incident

In 2010 Australia is horrified at the incident which sees a multiple nuclear warhead missile launched at Russian targets by Amerindian 'terrorists' who gained control of a missile silo installation in middle America as a protest against the granting of mining rights to Corps in their reservations (refer *Shadowrun*).

In the same year the VITAS plague arrives in Australia as it races around the globe. Many outback communities are completely wiped out. Total population loss is 22%, the joint population of Australia and New Zealand plunges from 26 million to 20.5 million. ASEAN nations are hit much harder than Australia due to a lack of medicines and facilities, this sees Australian and New Zealander military ships and aircraft being closely co-ordinated with that of ASEAN nations to get aid to badly affected areas.

As the turmoil from VITAS subsides, Australia launches a protest motion at the UN against the United States Congress' passing of the Re-education and Relocation Act. The Act will see Amerindians rounded up and interned in prison camps, the protest is unheeded. It becomes obvious that the US, the major fund source of the UN, is exerting pressure to stop the discussion. In the aftermath of VITAS it seems that human rights and environmental considerations are no longer the common concern that they were.

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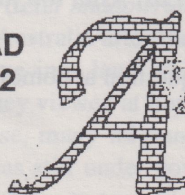
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UGE hits in 2011, babies across the world are born with one of two 'mutations'. Eventually the children are dubbed 'Elves' and 'Dwarfs'. The year sees instability world-wide, the results in the Australasian region see the Papua New Guinea government collapse followed by large scale civil unrest in the Philippines. PNG is administered by Australia via a UN mandate.

Dawn of the Sixth World

24 December 2011 - people from Australia's outback start streaming into the coastal and inland cities. The flood brings with it horrifying accounts of attacks and many badly wounded citizens. Some aborigines are among the refugees, also seeking safety, but many have headed inland to traditional tribal lands. Elders of aborigine communities have names for some of the creatures responsible for the attacks, across the nation in scores of cities, the animals are named as Bunyips. Other creatures from the Dreamtime are described. Contact by radio with small outback communities is lost as one by one the stations and towns are overrun, and the inhabitants cut down. The Australian military tries to save communities but always arrive too late, some units are themselves attacked and many never return.

Australia is in shock, an estimated one million citizens are dead. In the outlying suburbs, at the edges of the remaining cities, strange things are stalking the night. The military starts guarding city limits, plans are authorised for the building of what is officially called 'the Perimeter' but dubbed by the media as Australia's 'Bunyip proof fence'. A cull of Dreamtime animals roaming the Exclusion Zone is authorised. Australia loses control of all but the coastal plains, much of Victoria and the larger inland centres.

It becomes apparent that many aborigines are still living in the more comfortable climes of Lost Australia, using their knowledge of the Dreamtime, they are able to avoid and defend against the wild animals which have returned to the continent. It seems the creatures of the Dreamtime tolerate the presence of aboriginals, whereas they will attack 'foreign' Australians on sight; seemingly the very land is fighting against the government. The lost land is viewed as an Aborigine nation, though not yet having any official set-up or any fixed border. The only border is now between city states and that marked by the Bunyip proof fence.

The Mining Consortiums

The new breed of mining companies and consortiums that have come to dominate large scale open pit mining and oil field drilling are compared to the corps of the 1980's. They spare no expense and are largely built on paper profits. Many of these groups are partially controlled by the American corps responsible for the resource rush. These are ruthless organisations who find their revenue sources at risk due to exhaustion of existing deposits and the loss of access to their mines in the 'Lost Australia' region; they start to search for alternate mineral deposits. The few mines still operating are fenced off and

have military troops patrolling their perimeters. Examples of such centres are Mt Isa, Broken Hill and Kalgoorlie.

Australia, smarting from a loss of mining revenue due to abandonment of the interior, looks for alternative revenue sources. Dirk Ores and Baron Mining are among several companies who request permission to test drill for oil near Heard Island in the Indian Ocean. The consortium's annual report gives the impression that the drilling is well within Australian territorial waters - in reality much of the drilling takes place well outside this zone.

ASEAN Growth

During 2014 ASEAN is expanded in an effort to promote regional security. Australia upgrades its associate status to full membership. Most ASEAN nations have suffered loss of control over large portions of their territory due to the encroachment of the wild, and the activities of separatist groups. The ASEAN member list now reads; Brunei, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines, Taiwan, Australia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Vietnam and Cambodia.

Antarctica Oil Rush

The Australian economy is evaluated showing that major portions of it are now things of the past - mining and agriculture are the heaviest affected areas. The government tries to play down the figures publicly, but privately is panic stricken. When oil is discovered in March 2015 across several large deposits in the Southern Ocean between Heard Island and Antarctica, approval is given by the Australian government even though the reserve is in international waters. Some of within the area specified as part of the Antarctica world park. The government has decided that no other nation or global body can penalise it, so it gives the go ahead. This action by Canberra is attributed to its reaction to a 25% slump in Gross Domestic Product.

The first two rigs are positioned off Antarctica in 2016, they are labelled by a supportive media as 'megarigs' - they are many times stronger and somewhat larger than standard sea rigs due to the allowance made for pack ice. The oil starts to flow in 2017 from the first two rigs, one more is being positioned. World environmental group Greenpeace is

outraged at what is happening. Warning of environmental disaster the organisation condemns the Australian Government inaction.

Accidents

The Greenpeace icebreaker, 'Newbreed', is lost at sea on its way to the megarigs to gain media attention. All hands are lost, international attention is focused on the incident temporarily, but official comment writes the incident off as misadventure. Off the record it is believed that a convoy of consortium ships was due in the area at the same time. The media corps have large financial interests in the oil project, so coverage of the 'accident' is brief.

In 2018 Australia is horrified as the space plane 'America' disintegrates in orbit, falling to earth and showering Longreach with debris. The town was one of the few remaining islands of Australia inland, the catastrophe kills three hundred and signals the withdrawal from inland Australia. By 2040 the Australian nation will be pushed back to the coast and the Victorian rural zone.

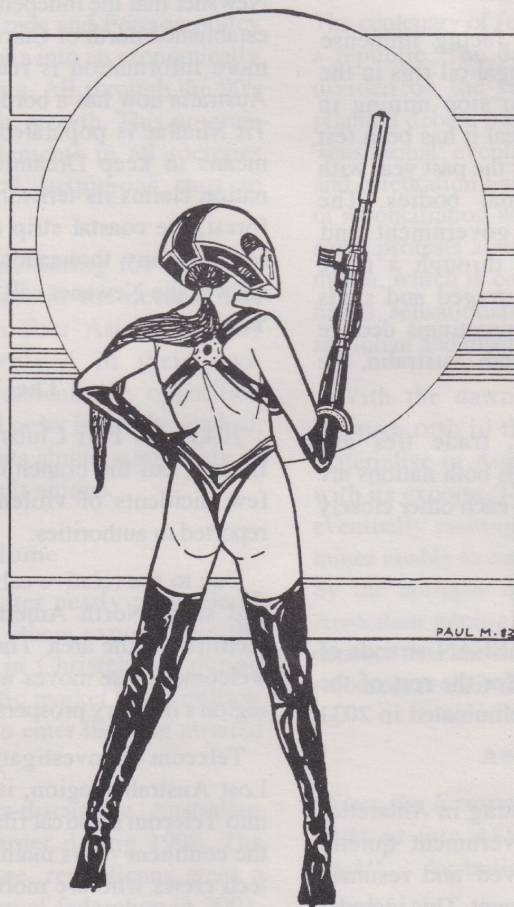
By the end of 2019 three rigs are pumping oil from the continental shelf of Antarctica to waiting processing megatankers which are specially strengthened to deal with pack ice. The megarigs each house over 500 staff and luckily have had few problems with the climate, the only recurring dilemma is fracturing pipe valves due to the extreme cold. Minimal spillage has occurred, the consortiums involved and the government are quite happy with their environmental impact record.

Goblinisation

Goblinisation occurs during 2021, one in ten people worldwide go through the transformation as Orks or Trolls.

This causes widespread turmoil and unrest, shortly after the process began another wave of VITAS sweeps the Earth. One in ten people die from the new VITAS plague (refer *Shadowrun*).

The oil rigs of Antarctica are isolated from the VITAS deaths, but have to deal with violent disturbances due to the goblinisation of staff. An above average number of staff are affected, with one in three going through the transformation. Many deaths are reported, on one station 400 crew die. Worse occurs on the two other rigs, Orks take control, ignoring safety measures. Within a week one



megarig is an inferno while the other is pouring crude oil from its loading facilities into the ocean. It takes three weeks to stop the flow, but the damage done to Antarctica is immense.

2022-24 sees goblinisation and VITAS push ASEAN over the edge, violence against the newly emerged races, old feuds are rekindled and anarchy rules. It is estimated that of ASEAN's 423 million people, nearly 80 million are killed by VITAS and unrest.

Many of the awakened races are expelled from urban area, pushed into their own communities. This separation helps the return of peace. Large numbers of refugees from New Zealand are assimilated into Australia as the North Island is divided between cunning Maoris taking back what was theirs and warring Orks.

A Free Corporate State

The Australian government, after facing immense pressure due to the oil spills by the illegal oil rigs in the world park, order the consortiums to stop mining in Antarctica. One of the consortiums reveal it has been test drilling for minerals in the continent for the past year with as yet no protest from international bodies. The consortiums essentially ignore the government and threaten to direct their oil revenue through a more receptive government. Canberra is outraged and shuts down supply to the megarigs. The consortiums declare their operations a separate and free from Australia, the world's first corporate state.

Britain withdraws from the EC, trade ties are strengthened with Australia even though both nations are much changed since last they dealt with each other closely (refer *London Soucebook*).

The Crash of '29

The computernet virus attacks the ASEAN strands of the net, damage is widespread as it is for the rest of the globe. The virus plagues the net until eliminated in 2031 (refer *Shadowrun*).

The megarigs in 2030 are still operating in Antarctica without Australian supplies, the government quietly apologises to the consortiums involved and resumes supplying food stuffs and hi-tech equipment. This includes the supplying of mining bases on the continent itself.

The Euro Wars begin in 2031, engulfing Europe, central, northern & north eastern Asia in bitter conflict. The battles end in Europe in 2033 while it takes until 2043 until a stalemate is reached on all fronts of the Eurasian conflict (refer *Shadowrun*). Many people migrate from Europe to Australia after the desolation of the Euro Wars. They arrive in a land which hasn't resemble the documentaries they viewed at home for twenty years. The influx is immense, many migrants are used to populate the few rural areas still under government control, while some go to Antarctica to try and make their fortune. The exodus from Europe doesn't slow until 2043.

Australia is now starting to boom via revenue from the 'Corporate Colonies'. Australia benefits from ten mining communities in Antarctica, six of them being megarigs at sea. The biggest problem experienced is due to winter shutting off two ore loading ports for four months every year. By 2038 the population of the mining colonies has risen to 41,000. The mining corporations have complete control in developing the mining projects as they govern through their own Antarctic 'parliament' which consists entirely of consortium representatives; their only opposition comes from groupings of mining unionists. No protests are made to Australia about the mining in Antarctica as it is obvious that Australia is no longer in control of the situation; perhaps it never was.

The Declaration

On November the 14th 2038 it is announced through Newsnet that the independent state of Tir Miallae has been established north of Cairns, inside the Exclusion Zone. As more information is received it becomes apparent that Australia now has a bordering neighbour on the mainland. Tir Miallae is populated by Elves, and is using magical means to keep Dreamtime creatures at bay. The new nation claims its territories to include the Daintree rainforest, the coastal strip and nearby plains bordering the forest. Many thousands of Elves leave their homes to answer the Newsnet call to join their brethren in the new 'homeland'.

The Past Decade

2043 sees Poli Clubs arrive in ASEAN region from Europe, but the branch of purist groups never take off - few incidents of violence against awakened races are reported to authorities.

Due to the relative calm in the region, many European and some North American firms move their research facilities to the area. The loosely united ASEAN society welcomes these moves with attractive tax shelters and the region's industry prospers.

Telecom is investigating a user operating within the Lost Australia region, it appears that the user is tapped into Telecom's optical fibre network that still criss-crosses the continent - it is maintained by special teams of armed tech crews who are mobilised by helicopter to fix faults and upgrade the lines. Telecom's only clue to the identity of the hackers is the name of the group, Marega.

Australia's population is now over 38 million.

Welcome home...

Australia today is a nation of the world, a member of the global Nuyen currency network. It is also tied in economically to Japan and the UCAS so prices are similar for all goods and services. Most large companies are partly owned by Japanese and UCAS corps. The Australia of the past lives on in its citizens, that especial cultural mix of a nation of convicts, migrants and diggers; some things never change. As the population has doubled and the

Dreamtime has encroached on rural areas, Australia is no longer a land of wide open space; the cities are overcrowded and sorrowfully polluted. English is the only official language, though Japanese is now mandatory for all school children and cityspeak comes naturally to others.

Social law and order has been retained, or at least the Australian easygoing version of it. Most violent crime is held in check by local police forces; anything goes in the Exclusion Zone. Two thirds of fatalities reported prove to be the result of attacks by Dreamtime creatures via fence breaks, sewers and other suspect methods of entry into populated centres. The nation sees itself as a country under siege. Many attempts have been made to cull the wild animals, bounty hunters often venture beyond the Bunyip Proof fence, but all measures have had limited success. Usually at the heart of these measure are moves to repopulate badly needed fertile rural areas.

Corporations in Australia have nothing like the power they exercise in UCAS, for this reason many of the relocated research facilities that moved to ASEAN territories have located in other member countries. Corps do have a completely free hand when it comes to Antarctica Free State. The communities there are populated largely from Australia and deal almost exclusively with Australia for supplies but are governed by consortiums via their 'parliament'. Any corp can come into Antarctica as long as it doesn't step on the toes of the established companies.

Throughout the industries in Australia there are frequently only two big players, these corps will often be involved in dirty trick campaigns against each other. Prime examples of such industries are mining, soft drink, fast food and tourism.

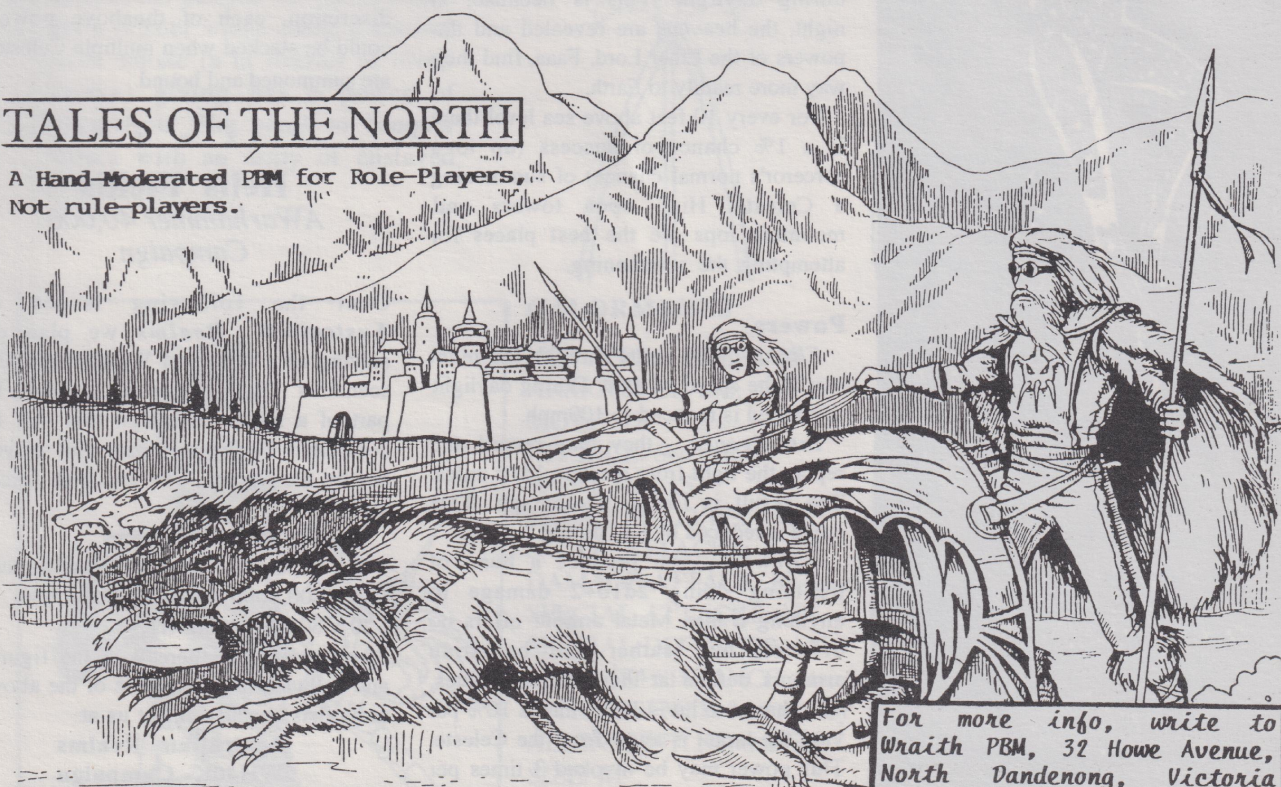
In Australia, corps hire security personnel from government approved agencies (often owned by the client in any case). This is particularly true of the mining industry which needs to protect its sites from the Dreamtime creatures. Guards are authorised and licensed to shoot, but if a wounding or fatality occurs it must be reported to and investigated by local police. Inappropriate uses of force can land the company in court with fines and gaol terms for the responsible executives. In practice, the local authorities rarely hear of fatalities, the incidents are reported to company executives and the corpses disposed of - Bunyips can carry the blame.

Since Europeans arrived on Australia's shores they have caused the extinction of hundreds of native species. Now, in the age of the returned Dreamtime, Australia has discovered that the very earth of the continent is fighting back. Huge dust storms blow over the cities, giant snakes - even the Rainbow Serpent - have been sighted and Bunyips terrorise rural communities. The Dreamtime has become reality and is exerting all the force it needs whenever the population is foolish enough to try and reclaim the lost land.

Next issue, Part 2 - Dreamtime Magic.

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MONSTER GALLERY

Welcome to the wacky page where your wierd and wonderful creations get to escape and wreak havoc on an unsuspecting world!

This issue we introduce a new element for *Stormbringer*™.



Celestes

ETHER ELEMENTAL

by Bill McConnel & Paul Mitting

Description

When seen, they manifest as a small winged humanoid figure of either sex, about 12 inches high. Their skin has the appearance of a starlit sky.

Summoning

Only sorcerors of 3rd rank or above may summon Celestes, and then only if they have the proper training or knowledge. They are best summoned at night, all daytime summonings are at half chance of success. Similarly the powers of an Ether Elemental are reduced during daylight. This is because, at night, the heavens are revealed and the powers of the Ether Lord, Faaa, find their way more readily to Earth.

For every 10 feet above sea level there is a 1% chance of success (up to a sorceror's normal chance) of summoning a Celeste. High open towers and mountain tops are the best places for attempting the summoning.

Powers

Flight - they travel through the night sky at the speed of light. During daylight this speed is reduced to 100mph.

Intelligence - they may record and replay the light from a scene 1d10 miles. The result is like a photograph. This range is reduced by half during the day.

Offense - can produce a burst of lightning doing 2d10+2 damage to anything it hits. Metal armour offers no defense, but leather and barbarian armours defend at their normal values. The chance to hit is 100% minus 10% per yard the target is away from the Celeste. This power may be invoked 3 times per hour, a fourth attempt will destroy the Celeste.

Defence - may neutralize one air elemental upon contact at the cost of its own existence.

Cloaking - may surround its master (or another) to cause light to bend and effect invisibility. A critical *See* will notice the slight anomaly caused by this bending of light. Cloaking can be maintained for 1d6+1 melee rounds.

Light - may cause its binding object to glow with starlight to illuminate a 5 yard radius for 1d10 hours.

Navigation - at night only, may allow its master to perceive the stars clearly even if the sky is overcast.

Silence - can create a region, up to 1 yard cubed, of total silence.

Fear - can inspire fear and unease into one target creature, similar to an irrational fear of the dark.

NB: GMs may want to restrict the number of powers available to each Celeste summoned. Also, at the GMs discretion, each of the above powers could be stacked when multiple Celestes are summoned and bound.

* * *

Hells Fields A Warhammer 40,000 Campaign

Over the following issues of *Australian Realms* we plan on serving up a variety of Warhammer 40K scenarios. These battles are going to be part of a larger campaign that will be controlled by the magazine but played out by the readers. The available forces are:

- 3 x 800 point Eldar forces
- 8 x 1500 point Imperial Guard forces
- 3 x 800 point Space Marine forces
- 20 x 800 point Ork forces

Any gamers out there with the figures and enthusiasm to play one of the above army lists should contact us at:

Australian Realms
WH40K Campaign
PO Box 220
Morley WA 6062

We need to hear from players by end of August to make the decision whether to go ahead with the project in Issue 7.

Adventures of the A-Team

Part the First - What's In a Name? by Andrew Daniels

Ever wondered what the fictive characters are thinking whilst you are role playing them?
Read on to find out...

The swirling mists of Chaos stuff danced and writhed, pale lights twinkled and glowed. In the distance, you could just hear the sounds of dice being rolled, the fevered scratch of lead on parchment. Squeals of delight mixed with cries of anguish as lives took shape, fleshed out, gained character. A sharp rustle and clatter, then the stuff slowly pulled aside to reveal a huge muscular figure glistening in freshly silvered mail. He brushed aside his flowing golden mane, checked the sword hung at his side, then methodically tightened the numerous straps and buckles that held his armour tight, ignoring the Chaos broiling around him.

Another clatter opposite. Another figure slowly formed. This one thin, lithe, furtive. Clad only in a soft leather tunic, he paused, looking cautiously about him, then spilled the contents of a large leather backpack onto the ground. A thin tome is pulled quickly out and it's pages earnestly perused.

"Geez, I don't believe He took *that* spell. What a load of crap."

Faint shadows drift in and out of the twilight. On the edge of hearing, distant sounds, echoes of other people and places. Past's long gone, futures yet to arrive. The pair, however, continued about their business seemingly concerned with other, more pressing matters.

"How come do they always give us such shit names?" Cursed the hulkish figure.

"What? Oh, hi, didn't notice you there. Wilson's the name. Wilson Wormke." The thin man extended forth a pallid hand. The hulk ignored it, scowling furiously. "See! Done the same to you. Wilson! Bloody ridiculous."

"Oh, I dunno," Wilson replied, "Quite like it myself. Anyway, looks like I'm your mage."

The hulk scowled even more furiously and began to closely examine the blade of his long sword. "Please yourself then," said Wilson withdrawing his hand.

The chaos billows again. A third figure appears. Round, a lardy ball on wobbling legs dressed in a long flowing cassock.

"Let me guess. Cleric."

"Got it in one. Abel Zeek's the name."

"See you got a decent one," muttered the hulk.

"Don't worry about him, yet to meet a fighter with enough sense to make him worth talking to," said Wilson.

"Yeah," agreed Zeek.

"Wilson's the name." The pair shook hands warmly. "Who's the lucky god this time then? Tyr, Ra, Freya?"

"Er, not quite, my god's name is Shannafria!"

"Bless you. Got a cold, huh?"

"No you don't understand. That was no sneeze, its the name of my god - Shannafria," Zeek explained glumly.

"Never heard of him," Wilson said, struggling to suppress a snigger.

"Her." Corrected Zeek. "Me neither. A thousand perfectly useful deities to choose from and I get a Master who invents one of his own. Not only that, He makes me the only character alive who actually believes in her. What kind of start in life does that give you?" Wilson nodded sagely, beginning to doubt Abel Zeek's sanity. "It gets worse. Look at this!" Zeek waved a little feather around his head. "That is my Holy Symbol! A stinking dove's feather!"

"That will certainly inspire fear in the hearts of enemies," Wilson commiserated.

"Yeah, and another thing..." Zeek's

tirade halted with a gasp as Wilson's elbow dug in his ribs.

"Geez! Get a load of that."

From out of the swirling mists slid a perfect example of the feminine form. Tall, perfectly proportioned and wearing an extremely tight set of leather buckskins, a young elven maid strode confidently towards the little group. Wilson smiled, Zeek attempted a bow but gave up midway when his belly refused to crease, and the hulk shook back his golden locks and manfully pushed forward his chest.

"Shana, elven ranger first class." She nodded gracefully to the group.

"Yo, babe, nice name..." began the hulk.

"Firstly," Shana interrupted, "please don't make the mistake that I am the light relief for the group. Secondly, touch me and I'll cut your nuts and bolts off, metal head." The hulk's chest deflated.

"Right then," said Wilson, "that's sorted out, nobody touches the babe. How many's that then, four, we're missing a..." Shana squealed. From behind her, a form, barely four feet tall appeared with a face that would make a troll retch. "...thief." Wilson finished.

"Spud at your service," began the hideously ugly thing, "halfling master thief, master merchant and..." Here he balanced a large skillet by its handle on the end of one finger. "...master chef."

"Halfling, my eye!" Shana announced. "Halflings are cute lovable little creatures. You're, well... plain horrible!"

"Yeah," agreed Spud. "Charisma throw wasn't what it could have bin. Still, gotta get along with what you've got." He leered at Shana who quickly turned away to prevent the vomit in her throat rising further.

The chatter came to an abrupt halt as the air was rent by a resounding crash and flash of lightning. From a hole torn through the chaos stuff, rimmed in a blinding light that silhouetted his tall form, strode a man dressed in filigreed plate mail. Tousled red plumes sprang from his closed helm, and a mighty shield embossed with bold heraldic signs swung on the hero's arm as he bound boldly into the midst of the group.

"Oh no," Wilson groaned.

"I am Virgil!" the hero's voice boomed in his helm. "Knight Paladin! Defender of the Realm! Protector of the Weak! Scourge of Evil! Saviour of the..."

"Alright, alright," Wilson butted in, "we get the picture. Just cut out the self-adulation while I'm around will you?"

"Sure," beamed the Paladin, "just trying to make a point. Well, who are my worthy companions in our upcoming adventure?" He slapped Able Zeek's back, almost causing the cleric to choke on the bagel he had been nibbling.

"What? Oh, well I'm Wilson the mage, this is our cleric, Zeek, Shana the ranger, Spud the thing, and err... we never did catch your name." He looked slyly at the blushing hulk.

"Come on, spit it out. Can't spend the rest of our lives calling you 'the Fighter' now, can we?"

"Mmmng." The fighter mumbled.

"What?"

"Mannggn the Magnificent."

"Pardon, still didn't quite catch it?" Wilson queried.

"I said," his voice embarrassingly loud, "Mango the Magnificent!"

The group fell as one to it's knees, creased in communal laughter, Zeek exploding munched bagel.

Mango fiddled with his pommel of his sword and cursed the player who named him.

* * *

In Issue 7, *Spot the Plot Device*, our intrepid party is enlisted to save a damsel in distress.

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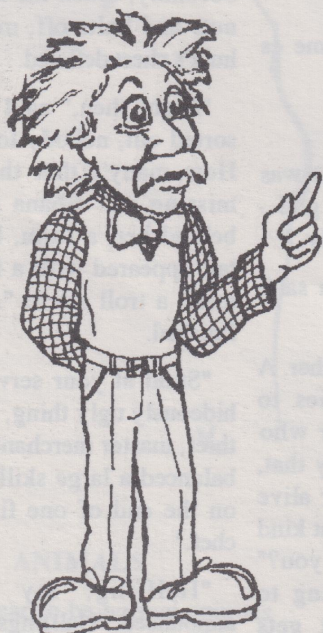
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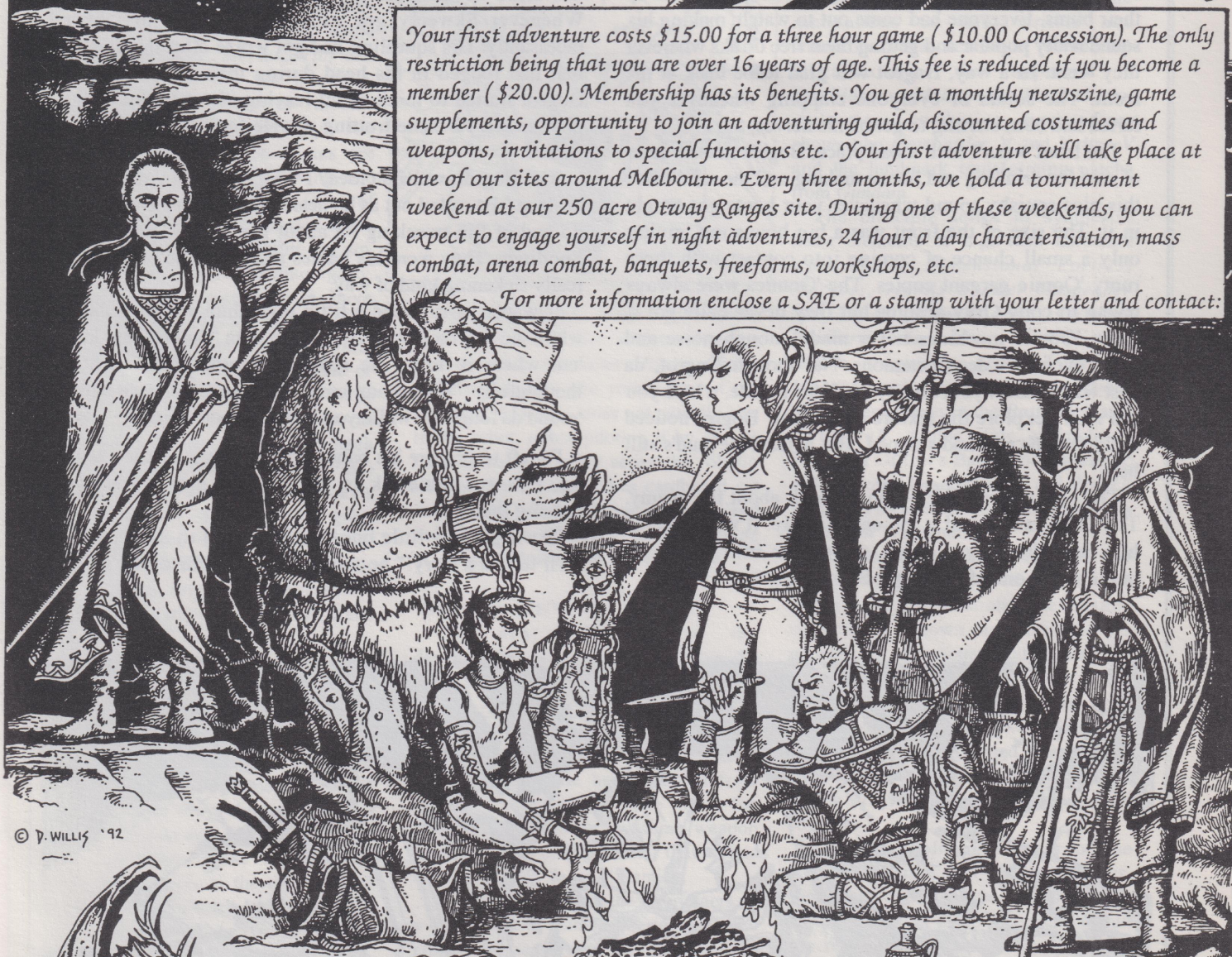
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BUCKETS OF BLOOD

Warhammer 40,000 short fiction

by

Colin Taber & Michael Thane

Commander Bogrot had a look at his troops. Him and the Boyz had seen some good times together, but this wasn't one of them. They'd been lording it over most of the other Orks in town after capturing a fleeing 'Oomie noble and his retinue. Having a bit of fun with their prisoners, they'd stripped them naked and led them into town with the feathers from the lord's panoply stuffed up their bums. Everyone had come out to watch, making his squad really popular and getting them free drinks wherever they went. In a way, Bogrot was glad to be back at the front. The sound of everyone clapping whenever you farted had been starting to get on his nerves.

The front wasn't such a bad place, Bogrot mused. Lots of rain for drinking and booze making and the mud made this nice squishy sound whenever your boots got caught in it. The size of the front was a big bonus too, giving only a small chance of coming into contact with those runty 'Oomie gargant copies. The 'Oomies were always trying to copy Orky designs but they never quite got it right. 'Oomie machines never made enough noise and didn't even have decent cannons. 'Na!' thought Bogrot, 'da best way to meet your enemy was face to face, where you can really explore the texture of combat.' Bogrot noticed sadly that the rain had stopped, 'But at least the mud's still here.'

The Ork commander began to think about the enemy. The 'Oomies had had it too easily lately. It was time for him and the Boyz to put some fear into them. He motioned to one of the Boyz, Skweely, to come over.

"I want ya to get Pa for me, we're gonna 'ave some fun wiv dem 'Oomies over there," he said motioning across the muddy, crater strewn battlefield at a solitary squad of Imperial Guard dug in trenches not unlike that which the Orks occupied.

Bogrot could hear Skweely's voice going up and down the scale as he went to fetch the Runt herder, Pa. Whenever Skweely got excited he started to jabber incessantly. His squealing had got worse after the musket ball had lodged in his head during their last offensive. Bogrot started to think about leaving Skweely out of the plans when Pa came trotting up. He forgot Skweely and smiled.

"Oi! Bogrot, wot's da idea? I woz jus' sendin' da babies ta sleep." Pa called out as he neared Bogrot. It gave Bogrot no end of fun tweaking Pa about the way he treated his Snotlings. They were his babies and he treated them in a really sickening kind of way.

"I wants ya to cause a little divershun wif da babies, while me and da Boyz sneak up on dem 'Oomies and kick 'em where it 'urts," he replied, scratching his crotch thoughtfully. "If ya sendz 'em fru da minefield, we'll sneak 'round da long way while you keeps dem occupied."

Pa left to prepare his babies. "Cum on me sweets, wake up, Pa's got somefink to tell ya," he growled softly, rousing them.

"Awlright, my little ones, gather round in a circle and Pa'll tell ya a story!" he said, stroking his favourite's ears



tenderly. "Oo knows wot land mines is?" he asked brightly of his flock. Little hands shot up and tiny voices started babbling. Pa was pleased with his children, they'd remembered what he'd told them about how exciting land mines were. "Member how I told ya about how good Snotlings become Orks if Gork and Mork find out about dem, but I didn't tell ya how they find out. Well now, I'm gonna share a secret wif ya, because I luvs ya all!"

Pa wetted his lips and got ready for the punch line. "Well, landmines are like telephones, they let ya talk to Gork and Mork and convince dem to let ya be an Ork. So if ya finds one, it's best to stand on it straight away and ya'll be transported to ya Orky body."

Pa stopped talking and let the Snotlings jabber, raising his hand after a suitable period to silence them.

"Hands up 'oo wants to be an Ork," he asked looking at all his children. Little hands waved in the air and their screeching reached new heights, some even grabbed hold of their clothes squealing, "Memememememe!" Pa had them right where he wanted them.

"Awlright, gather round closer," he whispered conspiratorially, Pa happens to know where a nice big field of land mines is." He pointed over the battlefield towards the 'Oomie trenches. A couple of lively ones made a dash for it, but Pa expected it and grabbed them expertly.

The occasional fireball erupted nearby, blinding flashes illuminating the battlefield in all its sodden misery. Explosions roared rolled across No Orks Land, the concussion collapsing trenches, adding to the devastation. Flashes illuminated the underside of the overcast sky, catching Bogrot's eye. The detonations trembled through the tortured earth. Gargants, thirty kilometres

away, were duelling with Human Titans, their huge weaponry demolishing the remnants of the sprawling industrial city; precious little would be left for the victor.

Three formations of Imperial jet bikes roared over the Ork trenches, heading with great haste to some new trouble spot, too busy to bother about the grunts crouched in the mud. Bogrot watched them with a smile, thinking of how fast they were going. He was really into the cult of speed. Then he looked at the gathered Boyz, all excited at the prospect of combat. He could see that Goolee was still sulking over having the Heavy Plasma gun taken off him, but Bogrot felt justified in doing so because of Goolee's intense interest in fire, making him discharge the weapon's energy cells whenever he saw something flammable. Bogrot shrugged his shoulders.

"Listen up, 'eres da plan. We'll sneak 'round da 'Oomies while Pa makes da divershun. Zwok'll stay 'ere an' 'ave a go at da 'Oomies wiv da 'Eavy Plasma ta prevent dem getting sus. You clear on dat Zwok?" As he'd suspected, Zwok hadn't heard him properly, one of the minuses of

liking to be near big explosions. Bogrot motioned Zwok over and screamed the message into his ear. A look of understanding arrived on his face.

"Oi-You'll stay wif him, 'cause his shiny skull'll give us away." It was a bit of a shame about Oi-You!, Bogrot remembered how much of a laugh he'd been until going to the Doc about a fang-ache. They'd tracked down their mate two weeks later, complete with a chromium skull and half his brain missing. The only way you could get his attention now was when the squad got together and shouted "Oi-You!" at him.

"Lets go kick heads!" Bogrot commanded. Rippur's eyes lit up.

Bogrot signalled to Pa to let his children free as he and the Boyz slipped out of the furthest side of the trench. Snotling squeals of anticipation were met by occasional bursts of las-gun fire as they searched the battlefield for personal communicators. For a while everything went as planned, the Snotlings provided the visual entertainment while Zwok let loose bursts of extremely noisy energy at the 'Oomie trenches to remind them where the Orks were meant to be.



They were well out into No Orks Land when another formation of Imperial jet-cycles sped overhead, racing toward some distant objective. Bogrot signalled for everyone to get down; a high pitched singing and babbling came up from behind. Realising who the culprit was, Bogrot raced away as the 'Oomie fire erupted around them. He dived for a nearby crater, only pausing to catch Skweely by the throat and drag him behind.

"You zoggin' little shit!" Bogrot screamed at Skweely. "You could've been the death of us all!" One thing Bogrot

couldn't stand was a being fired on without being able to shoot back. He advanced on Skweely, his mind burning with Ork anger. The Boyz piled into the cowering Ork, causing him to disappear in a sea of pounding boots and flailing fists.

Pa couldn't remember being hit. He recalled standing, watching his flock stream over the trench edge, jabbering happily, thinking of how he was going to rear his next flock. The last thing he remembered was the first of his children reaching the mines, catapulting into the air as their little bodies were sundered by explosions, showering the ground artistically, 'Oomie heads raised above the far trenches in alarm, readying their guns. Pa's smile dropped when he reached to scratch his legs...

Bogrot lined up for another big kick on Skweely, a strong feeling of achievement ran through him as his boot met Skweely's chin, sending teeth, blood and spittle flying. Ork justice was rudely interrupted by las-fire sizzling into mud, creating a curtain of steam. The executioners rolled

away from their victim, taking cover on the lip of the crater. Rippur looked back at the pained knot of Ork flesh at the bottom. Skweely's body slumped and Rippur thought the job well done. Just as he began to turn back to the battlefield the form resumed movement, stranger words than usual were coming out of Skweely's mouth. He considered plugging Skweely with his bolter when Goolee distracted him with a thump on the arm. Rippur turned, seeing what Goolee was pointing at. A lone Guard was running towards them across No Orks Land, a book upraised in one hand and a pistol clutched in the other.

"Hurr, hurr, hurr," Rippur chuckled, thumbing on his power-axe. "Had breakfast," he grunted to Goolee conversationally, "time for dinner."

Leaping out of the trench, Rippur lumbered towards the Human, swinging his power-axe experimentally. Bogrot squinted at Goolee, urging him to follow Rippur's example. He hadn't expected to meet opposition in No Orks Land, but what the hell!

A blast of plasma burst above the 'Oomie trenches, giving the Orks the cover needed. Bogrot and Goolee dashed from the crater, searching for a better location, spraying the Guard trenches with bolter fire. Bogrot was so heartened by the sound, smell and visual delight of his gun at work, that he felt his plan was really coming together... until he caught the edge of a mine explosion, hurling him into mud.

Skweely levered himself up from his bed at the bottom of the crater. He felt much better now, since his new friends had started to speak to him. He wiped blood out of his eyes and looked across the battlefield, multiple copies of everything were present... but that was alright.

In his head the warped voices grew stronger as the raw emotion of the battlefield filtered through to them, urging him closer to the source. Skweely cackled, clawing his way out of the crater, dragging himself closer to the emotional maelstrom of the upcoming melee.

The lone Guard, a crazed preacher by the looks, screamed his battle cry, his Book of Devotions in one hand, a pistol in the other, pausing as he saw Rippur leap from cover and charge towards him. The Human's eyes went to the humming power-axe clutched by Rippur. The Preacher raised his arm to bring his las-pistol to bear and held forth his Book of Devotions.

"Witness your doom, Ork, for the word of the Emperor is divine and speaks of our dominion over you!" His voice picking up fervour as he became lost in the words. Unfortunately, Rippur didn't see things in quite the same way.

Rippur beheld an 'Oomie with spittle spraying out of his mouth. Rippur appreciated a berserk frenzy, but this 'Oomie wasn't using it properly, attacking him with words instead of weapons. Rather annoyed with this unsporting behaviour, Rippur acted instinctively to bat the object of prattle out of the 'Oomie's grasp. Then maybe the fight would begin! Regrettably for the Guard, Rippur was using a power-axe to do the batting. Cleaving through the Book of Devotions, the power axe removed the tips of the fingers holding the book.

Shocked out of his preaching frenzy, the Guard stared at his finger stumps; the initially contracted blood vessels

relaxed and bright arterial blood squirted out the maimed fingers. The guard began to scream. Rippur became even more annoyed. The Ork cut down the Preacher, slashing madly. Then two more Guardsmen arrived. This was beginning to be fun!

With a more practiced action, the prettier of the new arrivals attempted to move behind Rippur while the bigger of the two attacked head on. Rippur, an experienced gutter fighter himself, was wise to what was occurring. Evading the frontal swipe, Rippur spun, his power-axe already swinging, to land in a wide slash across the bridge of pretty boy's nose. The power-axe cut through cartilage and bone like butter, ripping into the Guard's eyes.

"Aw, wot a shame, da Oomie's lost 'is girly looks!" he smirked, holding the blow from going further, saving something for dessert. The wounded Guard stumbled around, bellllowing agony, blindly ignorant of his surroundings.

Skweely was only ten metres away from this action. The intense emotion emanating from Rippur, the Preacher and Pretty Boy all collected in Skweely's head, causing his eyes to bulge and the skin to tighten around his skull. It became almost unbearable, but his friends sucked it away and everything was better. They fed and became stronger. He crawled to the middle of the melee, receiving a massive dose of emotion as Rippur turned on his third opponent.

Rippur cut and the third Guard dived to the side, rolling through spilt blood. He came up with a handful of mud and threw it at Rippur. The Ork wiped it off his face, "That woz a pretty girly thing to do, Big Un."

They circled. Rippur was looking at something over the Guard's shoulder. Rippur's face broke into a toothy grin. "Your pretty mate's wanderin' in the minefields."

The Guardsman slashed at Rippur who was half-heartedly parrying his blows, more interested in whatever was happening behind them. The Guard heard a blast and felt a rain of shattered flesh fall over them both. Rippur momentarily dropped his guard so he could watch the spectacle. Big Un took the opportunity and drove the knife home, ripping the blade out as the Ork fell forward clutching his belly, trying to keep his guts inside.

The twin novas of the Human's last thoughts as he flew apart after impacting a mine, and Rippur's demise proved too much for Skweely. His friends stopped feeding and waited expectantly as the pressure built in Skweely's head. His skull began to creak as it sought to contain the pressure. With a combined physical and psychic explosion, Skweely's grey matter was smeared over the battlefield, giving a dark presence in the Warp a brief, brilliantly flashing beacon to follow down to the war-torn earth.

The crouched Big 'Un Oomie, pulled a piece of his splattered comrade from his collar, and looked with pure hatred to the Ork's trenches. He stood and broke into a sprint.

Bogrot moved experimentally, seeing just how much he hurt. Twinges of pain registered from all over his body, but nothing so worrying as no pain at all. Raising his head, he looked around for a sign of Goolee. Seeing that he was alone only caused him to shrug. "Been alone before, didn't need dem gits anyhow." Grabbing his bolter, Bogrot re-

initiated his personal bit of the war, half limping, half stalking towards the 'Oomie trenches.

A flash illuminated the whole battlefield, shining across the entire city as two Imperial Titans went critical, their reactors rupturing simultaneously. The thunderous boom of the explosions crumpled, troops died, some Goff Orks applauded.

Bogrot had halved the distance between him and the 'Oomie trenches, crawling through the mud at the bottom of another of the profusion of craters. His eyes caught a flash of movement. Recognising the form as Goolee, Bogrot barely held back from pulling the bolter's trigger. Belatedly realising that his underling was running back to their own trenches, Bogrot stood, letting loose a yell of extreme Ork vexation.

"Yoo zoggin little git, ye dirty little coward, take dis!" Aiming his bolter at the disappearing back, Bogrot let loose a stream of bolter shells. Not sure whether he'd hit his target, but pleased at this physical manifestation of displeasure, Bogrot again turned towards the 'Oomie trenches. Unfortunately, his standing form, as well as the extreme loudness of his bolter discharging, had given away his position to the 'Oomies. A 'Oomie was sniping at him from behind the cover of a burning jet-bike. Glad that the tedious stalking bit was over, Bogrot dived for cover and began loosing bolter shells at the Guardsman's position, his snout curling in a happy, contented grin. "Now da real fun begins."

Elsewhere, four Goff Orks were busily readying themselves after being inspired by the colossal sounds of Titan combat. Two were tuning their instruments, which vaguely compared to guitars. One of the others told them not to be 'Girlie' and to 'just butcher' as he plugged the instrument's cords into a row of black amplifiers along the back wall of their trench. Soon the sounds of a large, exceedingly loud black and red drum accompanied the two guitars, slashing across No Ork's land, smothering the sounds of battle. Goffs everywhere howled with appreciation. Then the vocals kicked in...

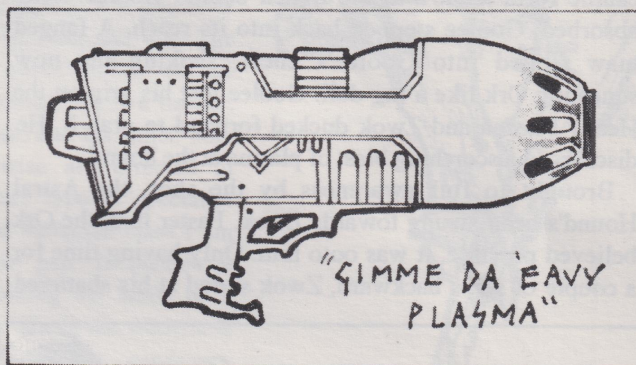
The Big Un guard ran around the edges of the minefield, ignoring the odd patch of runt-gore as he headed for the Ork trenches. Dodging a small crater he sheathed his knife. Gripping his rifle in both hands, he cleared the lip of the trench and jumped over it's edge howling with adrenalin. "You gonna pay for what you did to Swayze."

Goolee had heard an explosion, and turned to see his glorious Commander Bogrot sailing through the air, to land with a soft splat in the mud. Seeing his leader apparently done for, Goolee's rather prosaic mind allowed him to assume it was now every Ork for himself. His next thought, slow as treacle, was to secure a rather big weapon, with which he would realise his dream of everlasting fire. Changing direction, Goolee raced back to the Ork trenches, convinced that Zwok would see reason and hand over the weapon of his desire. Goolee's quest was momentarily disturbed by bolter shells exploding around him. But this was quickly remedied as he dived the final few metres into their home trench. Colliding with Oi-You!, Goolee tumbled, rolling to a stop near Zwok.

Standing and wiping mud out of his piggy red eyes, Goolee attempted to thrust his bolter into Zwok's arms whilst making a grab for the Heavy Plasma. Zwok wasn't having any of this, and held onto the weapon grimly. Seeing that the direct approach hadn't worked, Goolee attempted reason. "Cum on, gis it! I got burnin' ta do. Hand it over!"

Zwok shook his bald pate, obstinately holding on. Seeing that reason hadn't worked, Goolee retreated to instinctive Ork interaction. He attempted to wrench the Heavy Plasma out of Zwok's grasp, screaming "Gimme, gimme, gimme...!"

The two Orks bashed around the trench, occasionally impacting against the blankly oblivious Oi-You!, as each sought custody of the big weapon. With a butt to Zwok's head, Goolee yanked the weapon free, accidentally discharging the energy cells as he did so. The super-heated blast of plasma washed over the unconcerned form of Oi-You! His body vapourised instantly, only the chromium skull remaining intact for long enough to reflect a portion of the blast onto a 'Oomie form, poised in mid-leap into the trench. Neither Ork had noticed the Guardsman, until his crisped corpse fell between them, creating goutts of steam as it hit the muddy water collected in the trench. Zwok grunted in momentary surprise, then turned back to Goolee and the Heavy Plasma. Goolee began to retreat through the trench, crooning softly as he cuddled the lovely gun.



Bogrot's long distance duel was interrupted when an area of air between the combatants began to take on a bruised tinge. The area quickly grew darker, until he couldn't see his opponent clearly. Suddenly a four-legged warp shape materialised from the stain. It seemed closer to canine than anything else, but vision refused to shape it further. The form shook its head groggily, moving around in circles as it struggled to assimilate its surroundings.

The 'Oomie behind the bike signalled to Bogrot, holding up a hand in a plea for temporary truce, a bemused look on his face as he witnessed the apparition. Bogrot winked and gave the thumbs up. Seeing apparent acquiescence, the Human turned from Bogrot to take aim at the coalescing form. Bogrot chuckled at the stupidity of the 'Oomie, who apparently did not know the first rule learnt by Bogrot and his green brethren: 'All's fair in Orken war.' Taking careful aim, Bogrot splattered the Oomie's brain out of the other side of its head. Bogrot's chuckle grew into a full blown laugh. "Stupid 'Oomie git, don't need a gurley poof like that to help me take care of a dog!" The giant canine, seemingly uninterested in all this and ambled toward the Ork trenches, dollops of saliva dribbling over its chops.

Out in No Orks Land, a lone Snotling mewled in distress. All of its siblings had found their one way tickets and there were no more mines left. Running haphazardly around the battlefield, the Snotling neared the Human trenches. Wandering miserably about it finally came across a Human lying on its back asleep. Round eggs were attached to the Human's body. Maybe it was pregnant? The Snotling wasn't too clear on Human anatomy. Walking up to the Human, the Snotling perched on its chest, hopeful that the Human would wake up and point out where another mine field could be found. After a long wait, the Snotling became impatient. Slapping the Human's face the Snotling attempted to rouse him from his concussion, while chanting the object of it's desire, "Boom, boom..." The Guard stirred, muttering something under his breath. The Snotling stuck it's ear over the Human's mouth, listening to the whispers of "boom, boom," being repeated. The Snotling yelped in surprise as a hand began reaching for the harness and one of the eggs attached. With sudden inspiration the Snotling realised what the Human was saying and gurgled with delight. The egg would hatch into a mine! Grabbing an egg, the Snotling pulled it off the harness, leaving a thin bit of metal behind. Hugging the egg to its body, the Snotling crooned softly, hoping its warmth would help the egg hatch.

Zwok began advancing on his rival when a huge, dark canine form leapt into the trench behind Goolee. Self-absorbed, Goolee stepped back into its reach. A fanged maw ripped into Goolee's chest, shaking the now squealing Ork like a rag doll. Goolee lost his grip on the Heavy Plasma and Zwok ducked forward to grab it. He discharged a scorching blast of plasma at the hound.

Brought to full awareness by the shot, the Astral Hound's head swung towards Zwok. Faster than the Ork believed possible, it was onto him. Only having time for a couple of steps backward, Zwok stared at his shattered

arm stumps, as the beast lifted a paw to swipe of his head. "Aw shit!" was his final thought as Zwok's head bounced to a halt, partially sinking into the squishy mud. The Astral Hound played with the two corpses for a while. Finally growing bored it raised its snout, sniffing the air searching for more prey. Without a sound it padded back out into No Orks Land, picking up speed.

Bogrot, was searching in vain for an idea or suggestion. The only original sight to greet him was parts of a Snotling body being blown high and far from out of the 'Oomie trenches. He began limping towards the source of the explosion aware of the loping form of the Astral Hound not far behind.

Finding the Guard corpse smeared with bits of Snotling, Bogrot laughed in recognition of the bandolier of grenades across its chest. He grabbed one and pulled its pin, throwing at the approaching hound. The grenade bounced on the ground beside the hound, it sniffed it, the grenade started to hiss, yellow smoke gushing out of its end. Bogrot threw another, and yet another, soon it was hailing metal cylinders around the dog. Some exploded, some shrieked, others birthed different colours of smoke, one caused a really impressive big black hole that the others disappeared into.

Bogrot watched with growing concern as the hound advanced, ignoring all of the explosions. The next grenade thrown blossomed plasma, enveloping the hound; naked electricity scoured the earth, shrapnel whistled through the air and Bogrot laughed triumphantly.

Meanwhile the black tunnel was moving back and forth like an evil concertina, absorbing smoke, mud, plasma and bits of the dog. Then it faltered and faded, and the Astral Hound, ragged but healthy nonetheless, leaped at the Ork. Desperately, Bogrot pulled the pins of three remaining grenades and tossed them into the lathered maw of the hound. Then there was a very big bang...

...even Oi You would have heard it! Bogrot blacked out.



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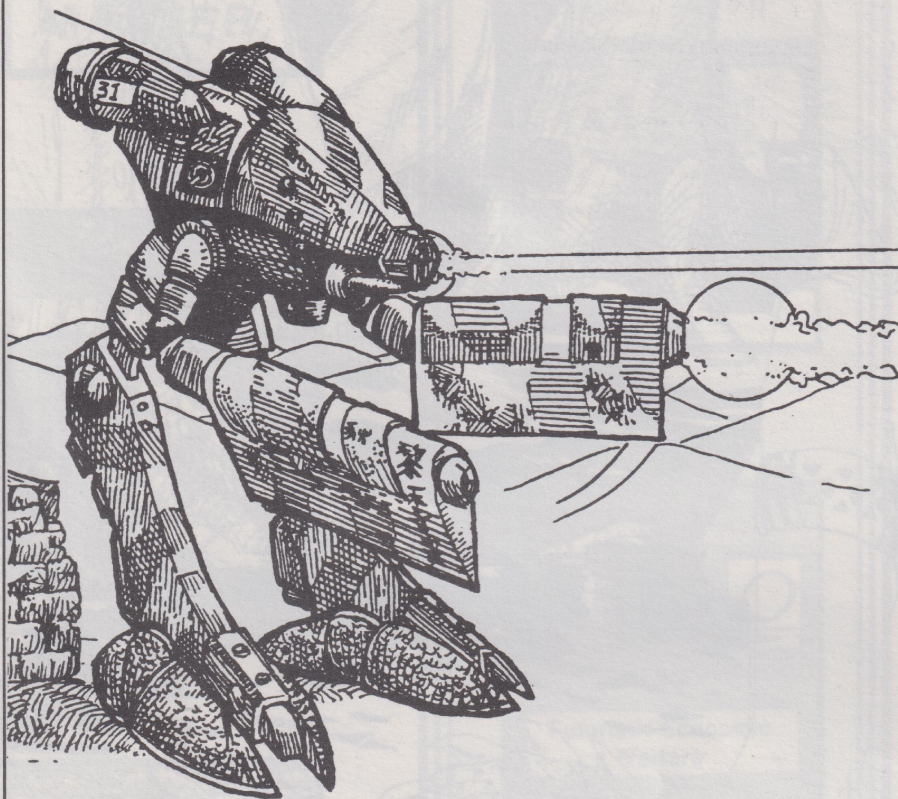
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CLAN WOLF TACTICS

Battletech Tips from Mechwarrior Brewer



On Configurations

The configurable 'Mech is one of the greatest assets of the Clans. While it is true that Clan weapons are better than those of the inner-sphere in all respects - greater accuracy, longer range, greater damage, and less heat - their technological advantage is not in itself a decisive edge. Clan Mechwarriors are better trained and genetically superior (even the freeborn) than their inner-sphere counterparts; but again, an average warrior who uses his 'Mech to the utmost can defeat a better warrior who does not. Thus, the ability to vary 'Mech configuration mission-by-mission, if used properly, can be the Clansman's real 'edge'.

Many warriors give much attention to the attributes of the weapons they choose to equip their 'Mechs, but less

attention is often given to how those weapons work together as a total configuration. Each warrior has his preference for a particular configuration, and often they work very well. But configuration can be so much more than that. The configurations of 'Mechs need not just be dependant on the individual warrior. Tactics can be developed to make the best use of reconfigurable 'Mechs, and these tactics themselves can dictate an individual 'Mechs configuration.

Strike Team Formation

One of the more radical concepts trialed recently by Clan Wolf's 341st Assault Cluster was the idea of 'Strike Teams'. A Star is split into two 'Strike Teams' of two 'Mechs each, and a 'Floating Point'. The 'Floating Point' can be Elementals, a pair of

Fighters, or a 'Mech (usually a light, mobile 'Mech), and can be used to support whichever 'Strike Team' needs its assistance in a turn.

A single 'Mech needs to be very lucky to kill another 'Mech in one turn. With Star League or Clan weapons and fire control, the first exchange of fire usually breaches the armour, and the next turn (turns) of fire attacks the more sensitive internal components of the enemy 'Mech. This means at least two turns of exchanged fire (usually more than that) before one of the combatant 'Mechs is disabled. In an evenly matched fight, which 'Mech will win is dependant on chance, and the skill of the Mechwarriors involved.

With a 'Strike Team', two Clan 'Mechs attack a single target, hopefully giving a kill in the first exchange. Timing and configuration are very important for this tactic to work. The two 'Mechs in the 'Strike Team' must be configured to complement each other.

Direct Fire Kills

Ideally, the first 'Mech (known as the Primary) will have energy weapons or large damage direct fire weapons tied into a targeting computer. It should concentrate its fire against weak or vulnerable areas of the opponent, aiming to do massive amounts of armour damage.

For the 'StrikeTeam' tactic to work effectively, the Primary must choose its attack locations well. The choice of the best locations to attack is critical, and changes from opponent to opponent. Simply bashing through the heavily-armoured Centre Torso location to the Engine and Gyro components is often the *least* effective method of attack. The Primary's task is to open up the opposing 'Mech so that the Secondary has an almost unobstructed run into the internal structure. More sensitive and critical

components can often be found in the Left or Right Torso, especially with XL Engine Criticals, ammunition, weapons, etc. available. Remember, collapsing the Left or Right Torso of an inner-sphere 'Mech will shut down the Fusion Engine.

A 'Mech doesn't have to be 'dead' to be combat ineffective. Some designs have put all their eggs in one basket, and are especially vulnerable. For example, a VICTOR that has its main weapon or ammunition damaged is effectively eliminated as a threat. Even though it is otherwise functional, it can be virtually ignored and destroyed at leisure later.

Legs should also not be ignored. Disabling or destroying the leg of an opposing 'Mech can enable a team to use the terrain and their mobility to direct the battle away from the crippled 'Mech, denying the surviving enemy forces its firepower.

Each 'Mech type has its weak spots, and the Primary must locate and exploit them. Careful and thoughtful targeting is the hallmark of this position.

'It Does Get In!'

The second 'Mech (the Secondary) should be mainly configured with weapons that make multiple attacks, allowing greater chance to do crippling internal damage to the exposed location. SRM Streaks are perfect for this role, but some warriors prefer large banks of machine guns or small lasers tied to a targeting computer. The first option is

preferable, because the 'Short range weapon and TC' option is too specialised. An overspecialised 'Mech can start to look very embarrassed if it is caught on its own, or its partner is destroyed. Each 'Mech in the team must still be self-sufficient, should the need arise. The Secondary 'Mech should also have some medium lasers, or other direct fire weapons as well as the SRMs. These can be used to remove any armour left by the Primary, or for self defence or Secondary targets.

The SRMs cannot be controlled by targeting computer, so the Secondary must often trust to luck to hit the damaged location, however, it usually pays off.

The 'Floating Point' is often the unsung workhorse of the Strike Team tactic. As mentioned earlier, they can be Elementals, Fighters, or a 'Mech, but Elementals are usually too slow to be able to take advantage of this position. Floaters can attack their own target, or assist against an opponent of one of the teams (often being able to manoeuvre for a 'Back' shot).

The best 'Mech Floater is a light 'Mech, or a LAM, configured in any manner the pilot likes. The speed of this type of 'Mech can run rings around the usually much heavier enemy machines, who are often too busy with a Strike Team to pay it much attention. This can be a fatal mistake...

Fighters can also be useful in this role. They can strafe the unengaged

Enemy, keeping them off the Team's back until they are ready for them.

Much more leeway is available to the Floater than the other members of the Team. Piloting a Floater calls for a special type of warrior, usually a maverick with a lot of luck and a touch of madness. They can create a lot of havoc and confusion, but casualties among Floaters are high.

Playing to Win

The advantages of the "Strike Team" tactic are many. Firstly, Clan opponents will not be expecting it, nor will inner-sphere opponents. This method runs contrary to the usual Clan tactics of single combat between Mechwarriors. Because of this, the Clan Wolf trials have mostly been run by Freeborn Stars, but this may change.

Secondly, it minimises damage to the 'Strike Team' 'Mechs. Instead of the Star taking fire from all the damaged opponents, the team need only face fire from the surviving 'Mechs each turn. The actual kill rate of enemy 'Mechs doesn't increase appreciably because the team is attacking less 'Mechs per turn, but this offset by the earlier kills, and the reduction of firepower available to the enemy each turn. These relatively 'cheap' victories can often help turn the tide of battle. These tactics may not always work, but it shows that you don't need to fight harder, just smarter, using the available resources more effectively.

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News (continued)

(continued from page 3 ed.)

Don Ticchio, a Sydney-based artist, publishes *Southern Aurora Comics* and tells you can buy Issue 5 at comics stores and newsagents - at \$2.25 its a bargain.

* * *

Paper Tiger With Bite

Another of the proliferating PBM companies is *Paper Tiger Games*. Operating since January 1992, and currently running only one game, (*Gang City*), PTG was formed by Bryn M. Pears in response to a perceived opportunity for a PBM company with exemplary customer service. Bryn says his experience showed 'PBM companies had poor customer service and low production values. Rules were often difficult or impossible to understand and poorly set out. Difficulties were frequent and explanations as scarce as hens teeth.'

Bryn is also in the process of designing his own PBM. Scheduled for play-test release later this year, the new game has been tentatively titled *Musketeer*. More news on that as it becomes available.

* * *

PBM Column

With so much activity in PBM, *Realms* is planning to start up a regular column. We have a sub-editor all primed and ready to go, all he needs is some raw material to work on. So if you run a PBM company, or play in a game - let us a know. Ask about our very competitive advertising rates while you're at it.

* * *

Realms Campaign

In line with our policy of always offering as much *useful* stuff as possible, we're planning to publish a series in the near future that will outline a fully fledged fantasy campaign world. We invited (*press-ganged ed.*) our staff writers (*underpaid and overworked loonies ed.*) to submit all their fiendish ideas to the project editor (*biggest loony ed.*). He is currently collating all the data (*notes scribbled on beer mats ed.*) into a seamless whole.

New Releases

Games Workshop has unleashed yet another great beastie into the world of fantasy wargaming - *Battle for Armageddon*. On the distant hellworld of Armageddon, 40,000 years in the future, humanity is under seige. This two player game replete with map, 143 counters, 3 sets of cards and other assorted goodies pits Orks against Space Marines.

At the printers but imminent for release is a *WHFRP* sourcebook - *Castle Drachenfels*. Mr Taber has seen it in pre-production and reckons 'it will be quite good' (*lets not get too hysterical ed.*).

New miniatures include *Ork Battlewagon*, *Ork Tinbotsa*, *Squat Land Train* and *Mk7 Space Marines*. The boys from Nottingham keep churning 'em out for your delectation.

On the other side of the Atlantic *TSR Inc* are pumping out a lot of accesories to go with their new campaign - *Dark Sun*. *Dragon Kings* is out now; a hardcover rules supplement that expands the *Dark Sun* world for characters of high level (up to 30th). The text is by Timothy B. Brown and the artwork by Brom - his piccy of Rikus on the cover of *The Crimson Legion* novel is a masterpiece of gladiatorial menace.

Another *Dark Sun* product due for release in August is module *DSQ2 - Arcane Shadows*. The adventure sees the PCs battling against the tyrannical sorcerer-kings in a bid to set Athas on a path toward rebirth.

Basic D&D is seeing a resurgence as *TSR* supply more supporting material. *Sword & Shield* provides the first ever one-on-one adventure for the classic game. The module sees the lone PC pitted against a Black Knight and his friends. Containing a 16-page booklet, full colour poster map, and a sheet of die-cut, stand-up figures it sounds like great value for money. Due out Aug/Sep. Also out in August for *BD&D* (*sounds kinky ed.*) is the boxed set, *Wrath of the Immortals*, a champion level saga with 3 types of adventure on offer (dungeon, wilderness & political).

Ravenloft is still spooking folks, just out in Jun is *Van Richten's Guide to Ghosts*, bound to become the definitive guide after Edgar Allan Poe!

Remember *Gamma World*? *Realms* ran a couple of articles on this quirky

game in Issues 1 & 3 (*back issues are available ed.*). Now *TSR* has followed our lead (*oh yeah? ed.*) and has re-released the rules. There is too much fun in this science-fantasy world for it not to succeed. Look out for the first module, *GWQ1, Mutant Master*, wherein the heroes (you guys) set out to thwart the mad mutant leader who is about to launch a war of global extermination. Out Jul/Aug.

Finally, from *TSR* comes release two of the *Fantasy Collector Cards* 1992 series. These cards are a bit like the old, old days of cigarette cards (*how old? ed.*) but you don't have to contract lung cancer to collect them. The sixteen cards cover *Forgotten Realms*, *Greyhawk*, *Spelljammer*, *Dragonlance* & *Ravenloft*.

Palladium Books have some merchandise coming out soon - well before for Xmas comes the release of *Rifts* 1993 *Calender* featuring artwork from Kevin Long & Keith Parkinson. And for *Robotech* fans, Volume 8 in the *Southern Cross Videocassettes* should be available soon.

We hear on the grapevine that *FASA Corporation* are planning to release a campaign book set in Australia for their ground-busting game, *Shadowrun*. Colin Taber's work (see Part 1 on page 15 this issue) is one of several submissions they are mulling over. Good luck, Colin, and remember, you saw it here first, in *Australian Realms*.

* * *

Next Issue

In Issue 7, due out in September, we will be offering you more of the same. Unless you hated this issue and we receive heaps of mail telling us to change, you can expect to see:

Sea Elves for WHFRP

Beginners Guide to DMing AD&D

Shadowrun in Oz Part 2

More Tips from Mechwarrior Brewer

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News & Reviews

& much more!

See ya 'round like a d100!

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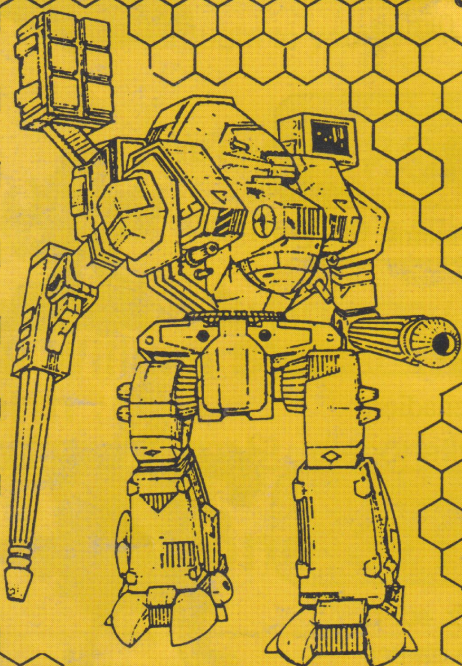
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ISLE OF CROWNS ORDER SHEET

BARON NAME _____
(Up to twenty characters including spaces)

GAME Next New Game TURN 1
PLAYER 1
ACCT# _____

Please write your full
Name and Address here ->
and write your Acct No
in the space provided.
Thank You

If money enclosed with this turn write amount here _____

ARMY ORDERS

!Race Loc Order !
=====

!HUMAN 606	_____	!HUMAN 705	_____	!HUMAN 706	_____	!HUMAN 706	_____	!HUMAN 706	_____
=====									
!HUMAN 706	_____	!HUMAN 706	_____	!HUMAN 707	_____	!HUMAN 806	_____		

ORDER SUMMARY

Move North - 1 Move East - 2 Move South - 3 Move West - 4
Build Ship - 5 Build Farm - 6 Garrison - 7
Move by Ship - 8 (Destination)

FORTRESS ORDERS

Fortress 706 Levels ____ Armies ____

CAPTAIN ORDERS

1 _____ 2 _____ (Sectors written must be sectors which you control)

Return this sheet to - Dynamic Games. 4 Tarana Ave. Kanahooka. 2530

THE ISLE OF CROWNS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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ISLE OF CROWNS MAP KEY

Structures:	* Fortress	+ Garrison	@ Farm
Terrain:	- Plains	^ Mountains	# Forest
Owner:	0-9, ! Your Armies	a-z Enemy Sectors	? NPC Sectors

Australian Realms PBM Special Offer - Please Remove this 4 Page Section

Welcome to the Isle of Crowns

As a reader of Australian Realms, we are pleased to be able to offer you this FREE set-up in a new Play By Mail Game. **Isle of Crowns** is specially designed to introduce you to the world of PBM. The rules are extremely easy to learn and the turn fees may be as low as \$2. The game set-up is completely FREE and is enclosed with these rules. To join a game, just fill in the enclosed turnsheet and return it to us with \$10 for your first five turns. A game will start as soon as we have 20 players.

The Rules

THE MAP

Isle of Crowns is played on a game map measuring 45 sectors by 30 sectors, 1350 sectors in all. The objective of the game is to be the first player to control 100 sectors. The map is part land and part sea. Only the land sectors can be controlled.

Each sector is refer to by co-ordinates, measured from the top and from the left. For example, sector 1323 is in the 13th row and the 23rd column. Land sectors may be of Open, Forest or Mountain terrain.

THE MAP KEY

The key of the map will be printed on each result sheet you receive. Each sector is represented by 3 symbols. The first shows the structure, if any, the second shows the terrain (with blank being sea) and the third shows the sector owner.

If you control the sector, there will be a number showing how many armies are present. (If you have more than 9 armies present, a ! will be shown). Enemy sectors will be shown by the characters 'a-z' for players 1 to 26 and '?' for NPC forces.

YOUR POSITION

You are the proud ruler of a small province on the Isle of Crowns. The King of the Isle has died without an heir. You must become the new King. You control 5 sectors of land, nine armies, four farms, a fortress and two Captains. To declare yourself King, you will have to capture 95 more sectors. You may chose a name for your position. and write it in the space provided on your initial printout.

CAPTURING SECTORS

A sector is captured as soon as you move an army into it. This is not always as straight forward as it sounds. If the sector is occupied by an enemy you must first defeat them in battle to claim the sector.

MOVEMENT

Each army may move one sector per turn. Simply indicate which direction you wish to move each of your armies using the code below. Write the appropriate code in the space provided on the turn sheet with your set-up.

For example, write 2 to move an army East, 3 to move it South or 0 to leave it where it is.

BUILDING SHIPS

Ships may be built by any army in any coastal sector using order '5'. The cost is one gold per ship built. There is no limit on the number of ships located in a sector. A coastal sector is a land sector which is adjacent to at least one sea sector (diagonal sectors count).

BUILDING FARMS.

It costs one Gold to build a farm. You may NOT build a farm in a sector which has a fortress or a garrison. They may only be built on Open sectors. Only one may be built per sector. Issue order '6' to an army to build a farm.

BUILDING GARRISONS

It costs one gold to build one garrison. You may not build a garrison in a sector which already contains a farm, fortress, or another garrison. Issue order '7' to an army to build a garrison. The gold is spent and the army turns into a garrison. Garrisons have double the defensive strength of an ordinary army. (See COMBAT)

MOVING BY SHIP

An army in a coastal sector containing a ship may move to any other coastal sector by using order code '8' followed by the sector number of the destination. The ship will also move to this sector. You may move one army per ship.

For example, 8 3407 would move an army by ship to 3407. The order will fail if the sector is not coastal or if enemy armies are present in the destination sector.

LIMIT ON ARMY ORDERS.

Each army may be issued just one order. It can move (either by land or ship), OR it can build a ship, OR build a farm, OR become a garrison.

MOVING CAPTAINS

Just write the sector where you wish the Captain to move. The sector must be one which you control at the start of your turn. You cannot move a Captain into a sector which you plan to capture during your turn. If no order is issued the Captain will not move.

SCOUTING

In addition to the bonuses they give in battle, Captains can also be used to spy on enemy armies using the scout order. To use this order, write 'I' as a Captain order. The Captain(s) issued with this order will remain in their previous location and will provide information on an area of seven sectors by seven sectors, centred on their current location. Structures and ownership of the sectors will be shown on your map as usual but if armies are present the number of armies will replace the terrain symbol.

INCOME

You receive one Gold per turn per sector controlled. You will also receive one food per farm controlled and half a food (rounded down) per forest sector. No income will be received from Mountain terrain. You do not need to keep an army in a sector to control it. Once captured it will remain yours until taken by another player or NPC force.

EXPENSES

Each army and each garrison will require one gold and one food each turn. If your armies are not fully paid or fed there is a chance that one or more will desert each turn.

FORTRESSES LEVEL

Improving the level of a fortress costs one gold per level. You may increase the level by as many gold as you have available. There is no upper limit on a fortress level. Use the space provided on your turnsheet to indicate how many levels you wish to build.

BUILDING NEW ARMIES

Any gold left after paying your armies and building fortress levels may be used to build new armies. It costs two gold to build an army. New armies appear at the fortress where they were built. Write the number of armies you wish to build in the space on the turnsheet.

OTHER EXPENSES

There are other ways to spend Gold. You will be told about these during play.

REMOVING A GARRISON

Just issue a normal movement order to the garrison. It will be converted back to an army and move as ordered. Garrisons can not build ships and may not move by boat.

COMBAT

Combat occurs if you move an army into a sector containing enemy units or garrison. The result depends on the number of armies present and several other factors.

The more armies you move into a sector, the greater your chance of success. Your attack strength will be DOUBLED if one of your Captains is in any one of the eight sectors adjacent to the battle. The defenders strength also depends on the number of armies present. If a garrison is present it counts as two defending armies. Forest and mountain will give a defensive bonus due to the cover they provide. The presence of an enemy Captain IN the sector (NOT ADJACENT) will double the defenders strength. If there is a fortress in the sector the fortress level will be added to the defenders total strength.

If your attack is defeated, all your attacking armies will be destroyed. If you win, all the defending armies

will be destroyed, along with any garrisons, farms or ships. A fortresses will reduce to level 0.

WINNING OR LOSING BATTLES

Victory will not always go to the strongest force. The stronger force has a better chance of victory, but as in real life, the underdog will sometimes be victorious. Captains will never be killed in battle. If a defending Captain loses a battle he will be removed from the game map until new orders are issued by the controlling player.

CAPTURING FORTRESSES

If you manage to capture another fortress, you can use it to build armies just like your original. A player without a fortress may not build new armies.

OTHER PLAYERS

There are up to 26 players in each game of Isle of Crowns. Each player begins the game with the same resources and the same objective. If you meet another player, their address will be shown on your printout and they will receive yours.

ELVES, DWARVES, ORCS AND NPC's

To make things a little more complicated, the Isle of Crowns is also occupied by Elves, Dwarves and Orcs. Each of these races is run by the computer (Phred). Capturing a fortress of one of these races enables you to build special armies. For example, the Elves are excellent Forest fighters, but weaker in other terrain types. NPC armies are indicated by a '?' on the map.

THE GAME SYSTEM

Each game week lasts 10 days and you are entitled to one turn per game week. Your turn will be processed as soon as it arrives at our office unless you have already had a turn processed in the current game week in which case it will be put aside and processed in the next game week.

MISSSED TURNS

If you have missed a turn, you will be allowed one extra turn every three weeks until you have caught up.

EVENTS BETWEEN TURNS

Your results sheet will show your position as it was at the time of processing. Other turns may be processed before your next orders are submitted, and the Orcs, Elves and Dwarves will also be active. You should allow for this when you write your orders. If your position had been affected by actions between your turns you will be told about it on your next turnsheet.

PROCESSING SEQUENCE

Events during the turn occur in a set order as follows:- Captains orders are processed, army/garrison orders are processed, combat occurs, income is calculated, desertions occur, fortress orders are processed.

PAYING FOR CREDITS

Each turn costs just \$2 IF you buy your credits 10 at a time. Less than 10 turns at a time will cost \$3 per turn. If you intend using the fax, the cost is \$25 per 10 turns. Credit left over at the end of the game is transferred to another game of Isle of Crowns. It is NOT refunded. It is NOT transferred to a different game.

If you have no credits, your turn isn't processed.

YOUR FIRST TURN

Your first goal should be to increase your territory as quickly as possible. The armies you control at the start of the game cost 9 gold to maintain but your income is only 5. You do have a small stockpile of Gold but this will not last long unless your income is increased. Your income will increase by 1 gold for each new sector controlled (except mountain sectors).

Your Food output is also less than the consumption and increasing output should be your second goal. Your Food stockpile is quite large and will last for several turns but shortages could become a problem if you build too many armies too soon. Concentrate on capturing forest sectors first but as soon as you have gold to spare, build some farms.

GOOD LUCK!

Dynamic Games.
4 Tarana Ave.
Kanaooka. 2530.
Phone (042) 61-7148
(9am to midnight AEST)

ISLE OF CROWNS

BARON 1 RESULTS SHEET

Game Next New Game
Player 1
Acct None Yet
Turn 0

Processed on 08-06-1992
Next turn is due in Week 1
Turns in credit :- 0

A REMINDER - THIS POSITION HAS NO CREDIT. PLEASE SEND PAYMENT WITH YOUR FIRST TURN OR
ASK US TO TRANSFER CREDIT FROM YOUR ACCOUNT. THANK YOU.

EVENTS BETWEEN TURNS

Your Captains report no lost sectors since last turn.

BARON 1 ARMY REPORT

606 - 0 Army at 606 did not move.
705 - 0 Army at 705 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
706 - 0 Army at 706 did not move.
707 - 0 Army at 707 did not move.
806 - 0 Army at 806 did not move.

BARON 1 BATTLE REPORT

Your forces fought no battles during this turn.

PRODUCTION THIS TURN

Income this turn was 5 Gold and 4 Food from 5 Sectors and 4 Farms.

DESERTIONS THIS TURN

You had sufficient food and gold to satisfy your armies. There were no desertions.

FORTRESS AT 706

Fortress level is now at 5 and there are 5 armies in this sector.

SHIP REPORT

You have no ships at the moment.

CAPTAINS REPORT

Your Captains are located at 606 806

RESOURCES REPORT

Sectors 5	Armies 9	Garrisons 0	Ships 0
Food 40	Farms 4	Gold 20	